

AMERICA

A SECOND LOOK AT POSTWAR TRADE AND CAPITAL

Thomas F. Divine
Walter Froehlich

THE TERROR AND BEAUTY OF A NIGHT OF MIRACLES

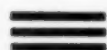
Dorothy Twichell

JUST HOW LIVE IS OUR EDUCATION FOR LIFE?

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SOME PRACTICAL THOUGHTS ON THE INCORPORATION OF UNIONS

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**DOMESTIC
REVOLUTION**

**SHERIFF'S
POSSE**

**DRAFT
OF FATHERS**

**ABSENT
PARTNER**

**SALUDOS
AMIGOS**

**STRANGER
NEXT DOOR**



A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

VOLUME LXIX

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NUMBER 22

AMERICA FIRSTS

A Weekly that has held so many readers for thirty-four years must have something of value. During July and August, we have been publishing excerpts from the letters of those who were America Firsts in 1909 and have been America Readers since. To those who have already been listed, we are happy to add the following to our HONOR ROLL

"I am happy to state that I am one of the original subscribers to America. Not many people know that America was started with the Messenger subscribers. My name was transferred from their list, and I received the first issue of America. I have been getting it ever since. I think it is a wonderful publication and would not want to be without it."

Miss Elizabeth Driscoll New York, N. Y.

"Please cancel my subscription to America and The Catholic Mind. I am seventy-nine years old and cannot read small print. I have enjoyed America and The Catholic Mind. I had America from the first number."

Rt. Rev. Wm. Redding Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.

"It is with a feeling of genuine pride that we are acquainting you with the fact that we have been subscribers to America since the first year of its publication. The paper deserves the highest praise. Wishing you and your co-laborers God's choicest blessings."

Mary K. Coady Louisville, Ky.

Many editors have come and gone since 1909. But America advances in the same spirit and performs the same service to American Catholicism now as in the decades gone by.

To you, our readers, we make two requests: first, inform us if you or any of your friends are charter subscribers to America; second, send us the names and addresses of those whom you judge should begin taking America in 1943, the thirty-fourth year of publication.

What is America? Why should American Catholics read America? We have prepared a brief statement on America, the Catholic Review of the Week—and will be delighted to send you as many copies as you desire. Also, starry subscription blanks.

THE AMERICA PRESS

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AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

SEPTEMBER 4, 1943

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WHO'S WHO

THOMAS F. DIVINE and WALTER FROEHLICH come back at their hecklers, point by point, in the argument *re* post-war free trade. Father Divine received his Doctorate in Economics at the London School of Economics, and is at present Dean of the Robert A. Johnston College of Business Administration, Marquette University, Milwaukee. Dr. Froehlich teaches in the same College. . . . DOROTHY TWICHELL was majoring in Physical Education, Junior year, at the University of Wisconsin—returning from summer school in 1937 when the "crash" came. She is now up in a wheelchair part of the day, and writes that she has "taken piano lessons, gone to concerts and parties, tutored in mathematics," is "modeling in clay, and beginning to write. My biggest impression is —people are wonderful." . . . DR. REGINA MADDEN argues a point so simple that it may appear obvious—the need to educate young Americans to an understanding of other peoples, friend and enemy alike—but the matter is of such importance that it now needs to be clearly stated, and careful consideration given to means for dealing with it. . . . BERNARD H. FITZPATRICK, a New York lawyer with wide experience in labor questions, defines the word "corporation," and examines its meaning with relation to the demand for incorporation of unions. . . . JOSEPH DEVER, recently graduated from Boston College, where he was editor of the *Stylus*, is now serving in the armed forces. His sketch of a boy's dreams about being an athlete catches the moods of youth in arresting prose.

In next week's AMERICA, DON LUIGI STURZO, leader of Christian social reform in pre-Fascist Italy, discusses the present Italian situation.

COMMENT ON THE WEEK

The Paramount Need. The other day David Boone asked rather pertinently in the New York *Sun*: "Why is it that you see campaigns and drives for almost everything except the one paramount need of all mankind?" He expressed the opinion that if man were to think of the liturgical seasons (he did not use that adjective), "with the same attention he gives to Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter, there would be fewer wars." We know well the power of a colorful, persistent, nationwide campaign to Remember Pearl Harbor. Why not a similar campaign to Remember God? Or a nationwide campaign of poster and print to Pray for the Boys in Service? While the boys are on their bellies in fox-holes, we might be urged to our knees in churches. We as Catholics know that the most powerful weapon for war and peace is the Mass. There have been widespread urgings to a more faithful daily offering of the Mass for the duration, but has not the time come to make it officially a nationwide, ceaseless, colorful campaign in every Catholic periodical, magazine, newspaper, parish bulletin, school magazine, to flood the country with an unending stream of posters and pledges and reminders? There are slogans aplenty. A Mass a day for the boys far away. Our greatest contribution to war and peace—the Mass. Daily Mass for the duration. That all this suffering be not wasted, we offer Thee, O Lord. Would it be too harsh to say that our spiritual mobilization has lagged far behind man and power mobilization? And yet the spiritual is preeminent.

War Frauds. To a good many people, the address of Attorney General Francis Biddle on August 23 to a gathering of United States attorneys at Chicago must have come with the force of a revelation. Asserting that the frauds in this war are much bigger than they were in 1917-18, Mr. Biddle disclosed that his office had already obtained 123 indictments against dishonest war contractors and was currently conducting more than 1,200 investigations. The element of surprise in this report does not, of course, arise from the fact that some war contractors have acted fraudulently. Neither is it born of the knowledge that war frauds are bigger today than they were in World War 1. After all, this is a much bigger war than the last one, with many more war contracts outstanding and, consequently, with many more opportunities for speculation. No, what gave the Attorney's General's disclosure the force of a revelation was its total unexpectedness. The general public has been led to believe that the contribution of business, especially big business, to the war is just about 100 per cent perfect—and 100 per cent honest. A large section of the metropolitan press, by judicious handling of the news and by editorial comment, has deliber-

ately fostered the impression that, if only bureaucrats would quit bungling and labor unions stop stalling, the productive genius of American industry would soon have Hitler and Tojo on the run. The fact is that industry has a pretty good record in this war. Its defenders do it a disservice by exaggerating that record, and a double disservice by exaggerating it at the expense of other groups in the community.

Gallup Again. The Gallup Poll has determined that the majority of Americans would prefer to have their Government controlled by Capital rather than by Labor. The very question is either silly or loaded with pessimism. Look, Mister Gallup Poll Man, Americans do not want either Capital or Labor to control the government. This government is supposed to be a people's government. We are fighting a war to keep it that way, and you who ask such questions are undermining the confidence of the country in the aims for which we are fighting. The things you call Capital and Labor have no right in the world to control Government. On the day that either Capital or Labor gains control of the Government, we cease to be the United States of America. Actually those two things should not exist at all. There are Americans who work with their hands, and Americans who work with their heads, and Americans who let their money work for them. All of them have a right to a say in the government, and the government has the obligation of protecting equally the rights of all of them. There are Americans who own plants and Americans who own ideas and Americans who own special skills and Americans who own physical strength. All of them together have made America and are preserving the America they have made. All of them, Mr. Gallup Poll Man, are citizens, human beings, equal before God and before the Law, and all of them together should control our Government. More than that, they should even in thought and word cease to be Capital and Labor, and become, all of them together, mind you, American Industry. For American Industry is not money or executive ability or inventive genius or skill or heavy work or white-collar work. It is a pooling of all of them, and American Industry and America itself will be sick and troubled until all of them together accept their responsibilities in the running of Industry and of America, until all of them admit the right of all others to a share in the running and a share in the fruits of American Industry and American democracy.

Equal Rights for Women. The National Consumers League has released a statement signed by eighty women prominent in American life, opposing the "equal rights"-for-women Amendment. As this Re-

view has pointed out (April 24, 1943), the proposed Amendment is far too vague, and promises to be about as effective in securing women's rights as the Fourteenth has been in promoting those of the Negro. Sponsors of the Amendment have refused to insert clauses safeguarding the hard-won labor legislation in favor of women. Perhaps they wish to restore to women the right to contract for a thirteen- or fourteen-hour day. The signatories of the protest published by the National Consumers League are no hide-bound anti-feminists. They include Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, the President of the National Council of Catholic Women and high-ranking officials of the National Federation of Colored Women's Clubs and the National Y.W.C.A. They are all in favor of women's rights—but they are very certain that the proposed Amendment is *not* the way to secure them.

Canada's CCF. According to some observers, Quebec was selected for the recent Roosevelt-Churchill conference in order to strengthen the political position of Canada's Prime Minister Mackenzie King. Whether this is the real reason for honoring one of the most lovely and interesting cities on the Continent, we do not know. It is certainly a plausible reason. The fact is that Mr. King has not merely suffered some sharp political reverses in recent weeks: he has been almost blown off his feet by a political cyclone called the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation. At the recent Provincial elections in Ontario, CCF candidates won one-third of the seats in the Provincial Parliament, where they had previously no representation whatsoever. This smashing success almost destroyed the powerful Liberal Party which, under Prime Minister King, governs the Dominion of Canada and had been the majority party in Ontario. What made the result in Ontario so surprising and significant was the CCF's own estimate of its position there. Heretofore, party leaders have regarded Ontario as one of their weakest areas and had small hope of ousting the established Parties from their entrenched positions. The result of the August elections probably surprised them as much as it did Mr. King. That they were strong in the Western agricultural provinces, where the Party originated, they knew, but they had little idea of the inroads CCF doctrines had made in the industrial East. Now many observers are willing to concede that if a general Dominion election were held tomorrow, CCF would certainly emerge as the official Opposition Party, and might even take over the Government. No wonder Mr. King felt the need of some friendly outside assistance.

CCF Platform. In Catholic circles in Canada a lively controversy rages over CCF policies. A few Church leaders have expressed opposition to the new Party on the ground that it runs afoul of the Papal condemnation of Socialism, but others profess to see nothing clearly reprehensible in it. In the Ontario elections thousands of Catholics appear to have voted for CCF candidates. The chief difficulty arises from the CCF demand for "socialized ownership"

of an indeterminate number of industrial properties, although even a slight acquaintance with its doctrines reveals that the CCF does not use "Socialism" in the accepted Marxist sense. According to Paul Weber, writing in the *Wage Earner* for August 20, CCF supporters become indignant when they are accused of fostering State Socialism. Centralized ownership, they claim, with all its deadening bureaucratic administration, is the last thing they want. For agriculture, CCF supports a system of privately-owned farms with a number of cooperative features. Exactly what the Party wants for industry is not altogether clear. Inasmuch as the CCF arose in the agricultural West and has so far been chiefly concerned with agricultural problems, this is understandable. With its growing importance in Eastern Canada, it is to be expected that Party leaders will begin to give more thought to the industrial phase of their program. On what they decide here will probably depend the Church's final attitude toward Canada's new political party.

Skilletblitz. Mars becomes more and more like Proteus, who could assume a hundred shapes. War is not now a comparatively simple thing of troops and weapons; it takes on strange shapes like absenteeism and threatening ones like inflation. And so, it has to be fought with weapons that would have amazed Caesar or Napoleon. A most potent one is the skillet or the saucepan. The OPA has recognized this, and is preparing for a national campaign by homemakers and merchants. In more than a hundred communities, volunteer workers will solicit pledges from homemakers, who will bind themselves not to pay above the ceiling price for commodities, and not to buy rationed goods without giving up a ration stamp. This is a direct and effective blow at the insidious black market. In a test in New Orleans, within a month after the inception of such a pledge campaign, figures on retail food costs dropped five per cent, the greatest decrease in any city of the country. The chiseler may feel pretty satisfied when he gets his juicy porterhouse in the black market, but he is really cutting off his own nose to spite his face. If you will help the nation, *and* yourself, when the volunteer pledge-taker comes a-knocking at your door, do sign on the dotted line. It's a pretty easy way to fight a war, after all—with our pantries and bread-baskets. If woman's place is in the home (and who says it isn't?) it must now be at home she is licking inflated Mars.

William Lyon Phelps. Many and vociferous enthusiasms often lead to the suspicion that the holder thereof is spreading himself rather thin. The late William Lyon Phelps had many enthusiasms and he held them most articulately; what saved him from the suspicion of dilettantism was that his enthusiasms were fruitful and contagious. He engendered a love for good reading in thousands of Americans, and it ought never be forgotten that he set a face of adamant against filth in literature. How he felt about such "art" is best described in his own words. Criticizing a pornographic novel that appeared not many years ago, he said it re-

minded him of a certain tropical fruit (whose name, alas! we have forgotten), which became rotten before it got ripe. His personal integrity, his wide reading and above all his Christian standards in literature made it quite fitting that one of his last labors of love was to write the Introduction to George N. Shuster's *The World's Great Catholic Literature*. In it, he makes this statement:

One man said that religious exercises should be held daily in every college because there is a great field of the unknown which should be recognized. Religious exercises would be a tribute to this X. I agree with him; it is X—only my X is a Cross.

The true profundity of that belief we hope he is now realizing.

Liberal Education. Within the week, testimony to the preference of Navy V-12 students for liberal courses in university study has come from two of our great Eastern centers of learning. "Mechanized warfare apparently has not diverted the interest of the service men from the humanities to science or technology," said Dean McKnight of Columbia College. He finds his V-12 students generally choosing liberal arts subjects as the "optionals" in their programs of study. A like report was delivered by Dean Baer of the College of Arts and Pure Science in New York University. Fortunately the heads of services realize that the gifted young men to whom they are giving further opportunity for study are being shaped into the future officers who will command not machines but men. For long our better universities have recognized in their colleges of liberal arts the center of their academic effort. Gratefully will they see that the wartime thought and experience bear out their opinion, and give promise of a future rich in the fruits of the ever ancient, ever new liberal education.

Tiny Costa Rica. Don Julio Peña has arrived safely back at San José in Costa Rica. Who is Don Julio? A spare, gracious, reserved gentleman reminding one somewhat of the Prime Minister of Eire, he directs the Banco Central of Costa Rica, and exercises no little influence on the splendid career of that smallest and most democratic of the American republics. Due in large part to his watchful and skilful management, the currency of his country has not depreciated one iota during the past eight years. Another cause for this stability is the high civic spirit of Costa Ricans; their law punishes any citizen who refuses to vote in national elections. A nation of 600,000 souls, this mighty atom of politics has over 100,000 landowners. Ninety-four per cent of its population is literate. Of the Faculty of its chief university, that of San José, only one man falls short of being a practising Catholic. No wonder, then, that on the very day of Pearl Harbor, at nine o'clock in the evening, Costa Rica declared war against the Axis, thus honoring her word to all the Americas. She anticipated our own action by a full day. Don Julio has been here in our country, invited for consultation by our Government, a welcome visitor to many friends who know the value of this remarkable man.

UNDERSCORINGS

DURING the first bombing of Rome Father Rafael Melis, O.M.I., pastor of the damaged church of Sant' Elena, lost his life administering the last Sacraments to persons injured when a train was struck by bombs.

► Cardinal Hlond, Primate of Poland, acclaimed as a "magnanimous offer" the proposal of Most Rev. Edward Mooney, Archbishop of Detroit, to train future priests for the despoiled dioceses of Poland. He asked for hundreds, to replace the more than two thousand already lost during the German conquest. Today but seventy students of theology remain in his country.

► Early in August all the Archbishops in France held a meeting in Paris, their first in three years.

► English Bishops are speaking out openly against the new Government plan in education. They reject the use of "an agreed religious syllabus" in the schools, because it would be Protestant. "We cannot," they say, "in conscience agree to Protestant religious instruction being given to our Catholic children." Sir E. Cadogan, a non-Catholic, said in Parliament that undenominational religious education in his country had been "an egregious failure." He said: "If religion is to have any value at all, it must be the foundation of all education. You cannot compromise about it, as our predecessors in this country thought you could."

► In Ecuador the independent daily of Quito, *El Comercio*, has come out for an Indigenous Congress to face and solve the problems of the country's Indians. The proposal first came from Father Rojas during the recent Marian Congress.

► A Pastoral of the Archbishop of Guadalajara in Mexico calls upon all parish priests to cooperate with the authorities in the conscription of youths of military age.

► Twenty-four more members of the Franciscan New York Province are going to join seven priests already on duty in the mission fields of Latin America. Since the war stopped European sources, the Bishops and missionary superiors of those countries have been looking to the United States and Canada for help.

► In the July issue of the *Ecclesiastical Review* there is a splendid article on our Chaplain Corps, entitled "Manpower on the Spiritual Front."

► Strong opposition to all forms of race prejudice was expressed in a resolution adopted by the National Catholic Women's Union, at its annual convention, held at Springfield, Ill., in conjunction with the yearly meeting of the Central Verein. "Race prejudice is a serious blot on our American nation," the resolution stated. "... As Catholics we can have no part in race discrimination." Affiliates were urged to combat it.

► This year marks the centennial year of the Diocese of Pittsburgh. A formal celebration will take place in the Autumn. At the same time the *Pittsburgh Catholic*, the official newspaper of the Diocese, is observing the hundredth year since it was inaugurated by the first Bishop of Pittsburgh, the Most Rev. Michael O'Connor.

THE NATION AT WAR

IT is now known that the decision of the Germans to abandon Sicily was taken at the end of July. It was the result of the important conference held by Hitler at his headquarters between July 28 and August 5.

Following the resignation of Mussolini, Hitler has as usual acted swiftly to reorient the Axis war plans. He seems to have considered that the greatest danger lay in an Allied invasion of Western Europe. To meet this situation, he needed all the troops he could get, and was not now able to waste any upon unprofitable adventures. Orders were sent to the German General Hube to withdraw the troops from Sicily as quickly as possible.

General Hube's front lines first fell back on August 5 to 7. At the time, the Allies attributed this to their own valor. They failed to discover the German retreat until the 12th, at which time it was already largely completed. The last of the Germans left Sicily at 6 A.M., August 17, at the very time Allied patrols entered Messina from the far side.

The Germans took with them practically all they had that was serviceable, their wounded, and American, British and Canadian prisoners. It is certainly a matter of regret that our enemy thus escaped. This ought not to detract from the success of capturing a large island within thirty-nine days. Sicily has valuable resources, which are now lost to the Axis, and it will afford an excellent base for operations against Italy, Sardinia and Greece.

Indications are that the Allies will soon move on to South Italy. They may land directly at Naples, which is a magnificent port, not defended by forts. It is battered by bombings, but can be reconditioned by the indefatigable American and British engineers.

The conference at Hitler's headquarters, already mentioned, decided that in Russia, in order to conserve men, they would yield territory rather than lives. In accord with this policy the Germans have been falling slowly back, under severe and continuous fighting over a 300-mile front. They had to give up Kharkov on August 22. For the Germans to win this way, Russian losses must greatly exceed their own. That is the German aim.

The Japanese have also withdrawn to avoid losses. They have given up Kiska. When what was described as the greatest naval armada ever seen in the Pacific violently attacked Kiska on August 15, no one resisted. How the Japs retired without our air and sea scouts even suspecting it, has not yet been explained. Anyway the Japs no longer hold any continental American territory.

Fighting in the Solomon Islands and on New Guinea involves only small forces. But in those tropical areas, fighting is savage and deadly. The Americans, who in New Guinea are aided by Australians, are making steady progress. The American Air Force is extraordinarily active, and is causing much damage to the Japanese. What is surprising is that the number of Jap planes, despite excessive losses, never seems to get less. COL. CONRAD H. LANZA

WASHINGTON FRONT

HOW far are Americans willing to go in postwar collaboration with the rest of the world in setting up some kind of international organization to smother the forces of war and promote amity among nations? A score of members of Senate and House have dedicated themselves, in this hot summer recess, to trying to find the answer to this question. They are reporting back to Washington now, after traveling thousands of miles and studying what they believe to be the thinking of a good cross-section of America on this important but by no means clear subject.

Senator Hatch, New Mexico Democrat, went into such Midwest states as Nebraska and Iowa, which long have been rated among the most strongly opposed to any "interventionist" policy, and he reports that there are almost no isolationists there in the sense in which this word was accepted before Pearl Harbor.

It is not, he says, that the people with whom he met and talked favored any one specific plan for postwar collaboration by this country, such as the Ball-Burton-Hatch-Hill Senate proposal of which he is a co-author.

"But," he says, "they are alert; they are not living twenty-five or fifty years ago or even a month before Pearl Harbor, for that matter. They know that responsibility rests on this country in peace as well as in war."

Similar reports have come from other Congressmen evangelizing in other sections. Now, if these men are accurate reporters and not wishful thinkers, there arises a question as to whether the new sentiment they report will manifest itself in demands for action in Congress this Fall.

Those favoring establishment of at least broad policy lines by Congress will be trying to get action. Will the country back them up at this time? If it does, the issue may become one of the liveliest to be fought out here in the months ahead.

Already, in Washington, lines are being drawn which make it plain that postwar cooperation theories will get a severe testing. There is the question of foreign trade and shipping.

The United States will come out of the war with the greatest merchant fleet in history. Great Britain, with many ships at the bottom of the sea, will emerge with a severely weakened merchant marine. So, too, with countries like Norway and the Netherlands, to which shipping has been much more a part of life than to the United States.

Is this country to use its huge fleet to develop world trade to the maximum? Some high officials say yes. Others cry "imperialism" and say that if there is to be postwar amity, America must be ready to let some foreign nations have our ships on easy terms. We cannot strangle the shipping nations, they say.

That is a single example; there are others. The policy on tough, hard problems like this, rather more than lofty oratory, will determine just what is meant by cooperation among nations after the war.

CHARLES LUCEY

RESTATEMENT WITH ANSWERS ON TRADE AND CAPITAL

THOMAS F. DIVINE AND WALTER FROEHLICH

THAT the permanence of the peace following the present world conflict will depend no less upon the economic than the political relationships between the United States, her allies and her present enemies, will not be denied by anyone who has given thought to the nature of the problems that will face our postwar world. The realization of this fact has given rise to a discussion in recent issues of AMERICA of two of the most important of these problems of international economic relations: viz. freedom of trade and of capital movements (investments) between nations.

In the issue of April 10, Father Divine undertook to demonstrate that the enjoyment of the greatest possible freedom of trade between nations was a necessary condition not only of international peace but of national and international prosperity; that in the absence of such freedom the old controversy between the "haves" and "have-nots" over colonial possessions, territorial jurisdiction, etc., would remain, on economic grounds, an insoluble problem and a source of perpetual enmity between nations. Dr. Froehlich, in the issue of May 8, proceeded to show how, assuming the necessary degree of freedom of trade between nations, long-term capital loans by more advanced to more backward nations would further promote international peace and international prosperity by raising the standard of living in both debtor and creditor countries.

In the discussion which followed, some objections to the propositions stated in these articles were raised by Mr. Jancauskis (AMERICA, May 29), Mr. Carmody (AMERICA, April 24) and Mr. McDonald (AMERICA, May 22). It is with the hope of further clarifying their original positions on these important subjects that the writers undertake to answer these and some other objections not infrequently raised against international freedom of trade and of capital movements. In stating and answering the objections we shall reduce them to as few categories as possible.

1. *The removal of our tariff barriers would threaten the very existence of some of our most basic industries, e.g. steel, copper, textiles, corn, wheat, cotton, beef, etc.* In answer to this objection, it might first be noted that one of the reasons why the prices of foreign products are lower than those of American products in these fields is that the prices of the American goods are set by monopolistic price-fixing policies of producers (or the govern-

ment). But even assuming that the prices were normal competitive prices, it is a matter of elementary economic knowledge that all industries operate under conditions of increasing cost. There are low-cost producers and high-cost producers. And if, after the removal of protection, the price of the foreign product plus transportation costs were lower than that of our own, only the high-cost producers would be driven from the field. Undoubtedly this might entail individual hardships in the short run. But in the long run the community (nation) would enjoy a twofold economic advantage. The fall in prices would result in a rise in real income. And since the increase of imports would bring about an increased demand for our exports, our export industries would expand. And the shift of resources from the high-cost producers of the formerly protected industries to the low-cost producers of the export industries would mean a greater total productivity and hence not a reduction but an increase in the real income or living standard of the nation.

2. *Even though economic isolationism may not be to the best interests of a country like the United States, it is of advantage to smaller and economically backward nations.* The argument for economic isolationism underlying this objection is one very familiar to continental European thought. It follows the time-honored pattern of German nationalistic thinking, which maintains that imports should be restricted in the interest of the creation of new industries and that capital imports should be discouraged because they make borrower countries "dependent" on the creditors. But this "European" argument for isolationism is no better than its more familiar American counterpart (viz. that foreign trade is of little importance to us, and that we do not benefit by foreign lending because it tends to retard our own economic development). It may sound innocuous to say that *all* natural resources in a country should be brought into use. But this, if carried to its logical conclusion, would mean that Germany, for example, should produce her oil from coal, despite the fact that it is much more expensive than imported crude oil; and that she should produce all the grain she needed even though it cost twice as much as it would if she were to buy it from foreign countries. This would mean forced industrialization in some parts of Europe, and artificial agriculture in others; in short, economic autarchy with its inevitable re-

duction in the standard of living. The consequences of this policy in Nazi Germany would hardly recommend it as an objective of postwar reconstruction.

3. *The importation of foreign capital which remains at the disposal of foreigners is especially disadvantageous to economically weak nations.* Stemming, like the previous, from political nationalism, this objection is likewise devoid of economic support. As is clear from elementary reasoning, capital imports increase the productivity of labor, and hence employment and the wage level. It is not of decisive importance for technical progress and its influence on (at least primary) employment whether the capital is owned by foreign or native investors. Nor must capital so invested remain "irretrievably" in the hands of foreigners. When repayment of loans can be made, capital comes slowly into the hands of capitalists of the borrowing country. This is one of the reasons why lending should be mainly for self-liquidating projects, and not for other projects (like schools, highways, etc.), however useful in themselves. Thus if, for example, Latin America or China or India were to reject productive and economically sound capital investments because they came from foreign sources (which are the only sources from which they could come) they would be acting against their best economic interests. This is true even for investment in the so-called extractive industries, like mines and oil-fields. Of course, the mines might ultimately become exhausted by use. But of what good would mines and oil-fields be to any country if (lacking the capital to work them), the riches remained permanently underground?

4. *New industries in countries emerging from agricultural to industrial life may need protection for a while to enable them to compete with industries in older industrial countries.* This so-called "infant industry" argument is perfectly valid, provided that the new industries are really suited to the economic potentialities of the country, that after not too long a period they will be able to meet the competition of foreign industries, and that, once they are able to do this, the tariff protection will be removed. But the danger here is (as American industrial history so amply proves) that the "infants" will not want to grow up and stand on their own feet; that once they are granted protection they will strive to continue enjoying higher profits behind tariff walls. This will lead them to cast about for some other argument, such as the "high-wages" argument, in alleged justification of continued protection.

5. *The freedom of trade advocated by the authors of this article is not in harmony with our present foreign trade policy.* Undoubtedly our present trade policy is far removed from anything even remotely resembling a policy of extensive freedom of trade. Nor can any radical change in this direction be achieved by administrative action within the framework of the present Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act. This change must ultimately be made by Congress. And Mr. Hull is much too wise a statesman to ask of Congress at the present time

any radical departure from our traditional tariff policy. He must be satisfied with the very limited tariff reductions permitted by the Trade Agreements Act—which is definitely a step in the right direction. As for Mr. Hull's statement that international trade must be a two-way affair, that is precisely the contention of the present writers. Exports of goods, of services and of capital must be paid for by imports. The trade agreements are also a two-way affair in another more specific sense. Our import tariffs will be lowered only on condition that the other country is willing to do the same. This might prove (though its very cautious use for fear of offending domestic producers has prevented it from doing so up to now) an effective bargaining method for the achievement of considerable tariff reductions.

6. *Free trade means international "laissez-faire" with all the evils stemming therefrom.* Here a word on terminology may be appropriate. The writers were careful to avoid the use of both "free trade" and "laissez-faire" because of the fact that, through lack of accurate definition, these terms may mean different things to different readers. If by free trade as a form of international laissez-faire is meant a complete absence of any restrictions upon trade or capital movements by any national or international authority, resulting in the rise of exploiting monopolies, or the oppression of weaker by stronger nations, it should be as clear as day that this is not the type of "free trade" advocated by the present writers. In fact a careful examination of our original articles should make it perfectly obvious that we were discussing the problems of international trade and capital movements within a framework of international law, international order, and some form of international organization whose function would be "not so much that of governing the world as of preventing great nations from governing it." Nor had Dr. Froehlich any intention of condoning monopolies, even of raw-material producers, in his reference to the cases of tin and rubber. He meant only that if raw-material exporters from economically weak countries acquire some monopoly power, the danger to the peace is relatively small. It is much greater when industrial countries under cover of patents, tariffs, cartels, currency restrictions, etc., exact monopoly prices (as in the case of the German dye industry and other instances nearer home).

7. *Freedom of trade and foreign lending lead to imperialism.* This is akin to the Leninist argument used to prove the proposition that war is a necessary consequence of capitalism. Yet, even in the absence of an international authority, it can be shown that imperialism is much more likely to result from a policy of trade restriction. For, assuming the existence of barriers to trade and capital movements, there will be a direct relationship between the extent of territorial jurisdiction and the level of economic welfare. And this is but an invitation to conquest, i.e. to imperialism. Nor is it appropriate in this connection to cast aspersions on the American policy as to leased bases. The military defense of the United States through the

use of outlying bases, as well as the defense of the American continent with the help of these bases, will remain a task for the United States even after this war is ended—precisely up to the moment when an international police force is so firmly established and acknowledged that these bases can be administered by the international authority.

8. *While England's policy of free trade almost destroyed her agriculture, it did not bring her a very high standard of living as the fruit of industrialization.* This objection places the comparison of the economic achievements of England and of America on a completely false basis. What is of importance here is not a comparison of the absolute standards of living of the two countries (which, incidentally, are not so divergent as many writers would have us believe), but the question whether England (with her relatively dense population and meager resources) could have achieved as high a standard of living by any other policy than freedom of trade; and whether America (with her relatively sparse population and abundance of resources) might not have achieved a higher standard of living by a policy other than trade restriction.

To appreciate adequately the stupendous character of the economic achievement of England in the nineteenth century we must bear in mind that, in spite of the fact that the population of England and Wales increased almost fivefold during that century (from approximately 9,000,000 to 40,000,000), the per-capita productivity and real income of those countries more than doubled. This could have been achieved only by the process of industrialization which developed under conditions of internal and external freedom of trade. In this process England's agriculture was "ruined" in the sense that she ceased to be an agricultural country and became dependent upon the rest of the world for a very high percentage of her foodstuffs and industrial raw materials. If England, with her present population density and relatively meager resources, were to abandon her industrial life and return to a policy of agricultural self-sufficiency, she would be fortunate, indeed, if she could eke out a standard of living no lower than the subsistence standard of the medieval manor.

In conclusion, the writers would like to state that what they consider to be one of the most cogent objections to freedom of trade has not been mentioned in this discussion, viz. the insecurity that may result from regional or national specialization. If the economic welfare of a region or a nation comes to depend upon the export of one or a few products, its prosperity will be highly sensitive to fluctuations in demand for these products. Thus the economic welfare of the South might be severely affected by a fall in the demand for cotton; of Lancashire by a fall in the demand for textiles; of Durham and the Tyneside by a fall in the demand for coal; of Brazil by a fall in the demand for coffee; of the Malay States by a fall in the demand for rubber, etc. This is, of course, one of the problems in the clash between security and progress that still await a satisfactory solution.

One form of "insurance" against such a hazard would be the development of as balanced and diversified an economy within any such specializing region as would be economically profitable without benefit of protection. But to go to the other extreme of economic self-sufficiency in the course of such development would be to destroy a good because it might at some time give rise to evil. If a worker were to choose to remain an unskilled laborer because, though the remuneration were higher, the repercussions of unemployment would be greater in the case of a decreased demand for specialized skill, he would hardly be acting in the best interests of either himself or the community. The same might be said of nations which, rather than run the risk of such insecurity, would embark upon policies of economic self-sufficiency which would threaten not only their own economic welfare but the prosperity and peace of the community of nations.

THE NIGHT OF MIRACLES

DOROTHY TWICHELL



I HAVE been thinking. I have had several years in which to think—ever since a drunken fool crashed into the side of a car to spill three lives onto a dusty field—one to be soon ended; one to be changed completely from an active life to one of inactivity; the third, fortunately, to be interrupted for but a few months.

I have found that a life of inactivity has many compensations. Great re-evaluations take place which alter one's entire outlook. For instance, never before have I realized the importance of service. There is the service of inanimate things which we take for granted and the service one person gives to another in everyday living. But beyond these, there is the service performed in time of crisis with such a plus of pure spirit that a glow of kindness for all humanity comes to the one who receives it. It is as though one looked into the innermost places and found things good. Surely a miracle of service took place that momentous day in my life when the old way ended and the new way began.

. . .

The burning end of driftwood which Dan had gathered from the beach flared up in a final grotesque spurt before disintegrating into embers. The group around the fireplace paused for a moment in admiration—quiet, as old friends can be. Into the lull the telephone sounded.

They waited for the long ring to be followed by three short ones, for already they had decided who

it must be. When a home-coming is anticipated, a call usually means the absent member. So mother said, presciently: "How much do you bet she's missed the boat?" as my father took down the receiver from the old-fashioned wall telephone.

It was no surprise, then, when a voice said: "Long distance calling," but why "Michigan City, Indiana?" Then everything went wrong. The stricken look on my father's face told them that the trouble was more than a "missed boat." They heard him say "Yes" and "How bad?" No one breathed as the low voice in the receiver told of an accident on the road that afternoon in which three girls, evidently returning from college, had been seriously hurt.

One of the girls was Dorothy Twitchell. Was that his daughter? Yes, it was. "Then you must get here as quickly as you can. She's very badly hurt."

"How bad?"

"I'm afraid she's dying."

After the first stunned moment—"Who is this calling?"

"It doesn't matter who I am. The important thing is for you to come as fast as you can if you want to see your daughter alive."

For the record, this Good Samaritan had been glued to the phone for five straight hours trying to reach the parents of a girl he knew only as a name on an envelope found in a crumpled pocketbook. He had no personal connection except that he had witnessed the accident.

My father placed the receiver back on the hook and faced a group tense with half-knowledge. "Dottie's hurt." The confirmation of what they had sensed, it was a signal for questions, plans, decisions all at once. Father was to take the next plane. Marie, Dan's wife, rang for Central on that fourteen-party rural line and was connected with the Buffalo airport immediately. What time did the next plane leave? 9:15. Oh, no—it couldn't be. It was nine o'clock already. But that was Daylight Saving time. Still, less than one hour and fifteen minutes to drive almost forty miles through dense, crawling, Sunday-night traffic. (This, before the time of rationing!)

"It's an emergency. You'll have to hold the plane. You'll just have to."

"What is the destination, please?"

"Michigan City."

"Just a moment. It is not on our route but we'll see where the nearest landing field is."

The minutes dragged. Finally, "We cannot find Michigan City. Can you tell us what it is near?"

No one could. Dismay on anxious faces. Then an interruption on the line. Bless the small-town Central. "Pardon me, that long distance call was from Michigan City, *Indiana*." Almost at once the place was located.

"The nearest landing field is South Bend, Indiana. We can hold the plane eight minutes for you."

"Hold it as long as you can." Yes, they would.

The house was in a turmoil. So many things to do and the time so short. They'd need money. The banks were closed, but it began to come from some-

where. My sister deposited her carefully saved hoard in my father's hand, her brown eyes wide and dark. Dan emptied his pockets; the neighbors came from no one knew where to donate all cash on hand. Mother, trying to think what in the world belonged in a traveling-case, finally set up the ironing-board to iron a pair of B.V.D.'s—her one thought.

She was still ironing when, with fifteen minutes almost spent, the two men got into the car. Down the beach-road in a cloud of dust, Dan driving. Then out on the choked highway. Double lanes filled both ways with dawdling motorists. In and out, in and out—now a clear space, more often not. Pushing, crowding, all in one place. Endless streams of headlights holding them back. If they could only get out and run, do something, do anything but sit here trying to hurry and getting nowhere. Twenty minutes gone.

Past the church at Jerusalem Corners. It was a nightmare and they were on a treadmill. . . . Spurt ahead and slow up again . . . slow up and spurt ahead.

. . . Thirty minutes gone. . . . Past a familiar gas station. Over and over trying to get through that solid stream of cars. . . . Forty-five minutes. . . . The light at Wanakah mercifully green. Forty-five minutes and only to the halfway mark. They couldn't make it at this rate. . . . Then, up ahead, the troopers barracks. Dan had an idea. "I'm going to drive in there, Twich. Maybe the troopers will help us out."

As they waited for a break in traffic, and pulled into the drive, a man in uniform came out to meet them. Would the troopers help? Sure thing. "Get in my car, mister, we'll see that you get there." An order to someone inside: "Tell them to hold that plane. Don't let it get off the ground till we get there—we're on our way." And before the explanations were hardly given, my father was in the trooper's car, Dan in the barracks with the full details.

The blue floodlight was turned on. The siren started its slow-rising scream as the black phaeton flashed onto the highway. Higher and higher the wail rose and, as if by magic, that seemingly impenetrable traffic began to dissolve. A blur at either side of the road. My father thought he had never heard such beautiful music in his life. Faster and faster with the trooper's skilful hands at the wheel.

Sixty, seventy, eighty, and faster still. Detour at the circle, bump across Transit Road. Then on again. Wailing and roaring down a wide open road. They had a chance! Through red lights, policemen holding back traffic and waving them on. Back at the barracks came the somewhat reassuring news that Chicago had O.K.'d a ten-minute hold. Somewhere in the night a siren and a powerful beam were streaking on their way. Ninety miles an hour on the straightaway. Sliding around corners. Miles and minutes slipping past. The only reality in the world the clock on the dashboard and the creeping finger on the dial. Five minutes to go. . . . Turn into Genesee. Four minutes left . . . three minutes left.

Then, up ahead, the welcome pinpricks of light marking the landing-field. A few seconds later, the police-car swung through the entrance and with a screech of tires on gravel pulled to a stop. A bare two minutes to spare. A hurried heartfelt thanks, and father found himself helped into the waiting plane. "Contact" and they were off. They had made it.

For the first time that night the tension relaxed; the steady hum of the motors giving a momentary feeling of assurance. Swift as the power of modern transportation could take him, he was being carried. Then came the question, to what? How much longer would it take? How close could they land? What would he find? A hundred thoughts jumbled through his mind as the big plane skimmed above the clouds.

After a while the pilot, a quiet-looking young man, came down the aisle to where my father was sitting. He asked about the nature of the emergency, then said he had been prepared to hold the plane ten minutes more on his own time as the ship was a new one and he was confident he could have made up the time.

"We would have liked to land in South Bend but the field's under repair there so we'll have to take you through to Chicago."

"About how far is Michigan City from there?"

"I'd say about fifty-five miles."

"Do you know anything about train connections?"

Yes. That had all been taken care of back at the airport. They had wired to Chicago but there weren't any trains leaving until morning.

Then: "You just stay in your seat here after we get her down—and don't worry."

Ages and ages later, the Chicago beacon flashed across the sky. The great nose of the ship slanted downward, glided in and settled. The other passengers collected their belongings and scattered into the night. It was after midnight and very quiet except for an occasional rumble of thunder, reminder of a storm they had flown high to avoid.

They taxied over towards the lights of the hangar. The field was glistening and dark from the recent rain but it was dry inside. The pilot and stewardess got out to make their reports. Soon they motioned my father to come outside, where a long car, gray in the shadows, was waiting.

As they drove off, the realization of what was happening became apparent. Here was a man who had done his work for the night and done it well; whose responsibility was over when he signed his name at the bottom of the report; yet entirely of his own accord he had volunteered to take a trip of what would be more than a hundred miles for an unknown passenger, without a word about his plans. Just a polite "Get in." And here they were, cutting across car-tracks, sliding down streets, passing the outer limits of a city whose inhabitants had long since pulled the shades and gone to sleep.

A few neon signs burned uselessly. A few trucks lumbered down the streets. Street lights reflected eerily in the wet pavement. It seemed strange to stop for red lights with nothing in sight. They

soon reached the open country where they could see lightning playing low on the horizon. The sky had a peculiar greenish cast; thunder sounded muffled by distance. No one said much. They just kept driving on and on along nearly deserted highways. The tires made a noisy buzzing sound with an occasional swish as they went through a puddle.

The last half hour seemed the longest of all. Finally they reached the outskirts of Michigan City. The relief and suspense and dread all at once were hard to bear. Down a main street, through the business section, and in a few minutes the car pulled up to the curb in front of the Clinic. My father mumbled some sort of thanks, none being adequate, and went up the steps.

• • •

The hospital chart stated the fact that the patient's father had been notified at 8:00 P.M. (Central Time) and had arrived at 1:30 A.M., a cold precise statement that contained no hint of the miracle of service involved in bringing a man over 500 miles in less than six hours under trying circumstances.

A telephone message leaping over miles of wire, wheels and motors, siren and searchlight, wings in space—modern miracles of service. But somehow the real thrill of that ride came not so much in the mechanics of service, marvelous as they are, but in the plus element, the human side of the equation, an intangible something that was there all the way and helped just as surely as all the others.

It was the particular ring in the particular trooper's voice as he said: "Sure thing, we'll get you there," that made the difference between service and service plus.

It was the self-imposed duty of the man who stuck to the phone through a sizzling afternoon and evening to get his message through. It was Central keeping the party line wide open those first few heartbreaking minutes, probably not missing a thing, but right there when the need came.

And the wonderful friends who stepped unhesitatingly into the breach during the first moments and later on; men placing large sums of money on the mantel with a casual "You'll be needing this"; women flooding the house with an assortment of food that would have done credit to a wholesale grocer. One dear friend tied an apron around her middle and, without more ado, took over the management of the household.

Countless calls back and forth, arrangements to be made by people with no vital concern in the outcome; yet behind the efficiency there was always the sense of the helping hand held out. And the pilot—his own car, his own time, his own idea to make that long weird trip in the dead of night, already having given service of the highest quality. That is the spiritual plus. The spontaneous kindness that comes from the heart unasked. It is the old, yet new, miracle of service.

As for me, after hours of fitful lights and dizzy blacknesses, queer smells, and strange numb sensations, the lean face of my father coming out of the murkiness was miracle enough.

EDUCATION FOR LIFE— IN THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

REGINA MADDEN

THE first week of September finds the schoolhouses of our nation humming with the activity of teachers making last-minute adjustments in the curriculum, which has been revised to prepare the pupils for the war-time world. Courses in English, foreign languages and history are being pared down. Pupils are being shunted into mathematics and science classes and into the new classes that are being organized in nutrition, health education, first aid and navigation. Gymnasium work is being doubled. All educated is to be slanted towards the war. Our young people must be prepared for it.

But immediately beyond war lies peace. What preparations are the schools making to win a lasting peace? This is a question of prime importance to the people of our country today. A few men may dictate the formal terms of the peace; but the masses will determine the spirit of the peace and the length of its duration. Those masses responsible for the future of our country are the boys and the girls we see entering our schools each September with minds plastic, ready to be impressed by the influences therein.

As we pass the old familiar schoolhouse, how little we realize that within its walls the destiny of nations is being decided. As we glimpse through the open window the teacher holding captive the attention of her pupils, how little we think of the awful power that is in her hands. The myopic may believe that it is our statesmen that guide the nation; those with longer vision know that it is the teacher who directs the statesman. Quick to realize this, the Nazis numbered the teachers of the invaded countries among the first to be invited to the concentration camps. But the American people seem to be unaware of the influence symbolized by the pointer in the teacher's hand.

They keep a vigilant eye on the ex-teachers in Washington who are formulating the temporary regulations that control our wartime economy, but they give *carte blanche* to—and then proceed to forget—the teachers who have remained in the profession and who from that position control the fundamental factors in the life of our nation. And what are the teachers doing with their power and with their opportunity?

The *Christian Science Monitor* in a recent article reported that inquiries made by its correspondents on various war fronts in conversations with large numbers of young men in the service reveal that "few have definite ideas as to the motives behind

the war effort." One correspondent stated that the attitude of the average American soldier towards postwar problems is one of indifference. He finds international cooperation a boring topic and gives little thought to it.

The reason for this attitude can be traced to the fact that up to the present time our school system has been confined within a too limited national boundary, granting little awareness to anything beyond our territorial limits. An anomalous concession is made, to be sure, in the study of English Literature. But beyond that, what acknowledgment is made of the existence of the many other peoples who dwell outside our wall of indifference? It may be said that we offer courses in certain modern languages. Yes, our schools offer, for instance, a course in Spanish that will teach the child to translate Spanish into English and vice versa, a knowledge that he will rarely make use of after leaving school. But, in the average class, how much attention is directed towards the way of life that is pictured in that language, towards the problems of our next door neighbors in the Spanish-speaking countries?

To be sure, elective courses are given in Ancient and Modern European History and are taken by some students; but unfortunately, the pupils, in too many instances, are required to remember factual details rather than the reasons behind the facts. They remember the dates of certain wars without having impressed on their memories the basic causes of those wars and consequently the way in which wars can be obviated. They complete the course, still far in understanding from the people about whom they have studied.

How much does the average high-school senior, who in the course of a few months will very likely be in the armed service of our country, know about the countries against whom we are fighting, or even about those with whom we are allied in this war? When asked why we are at war with Germany, he will probably answer that the reason is that Hitler wants to rule the world. Pressed further with questions as to the conditions that made Hitler's rise to power possible, he is unable to answer. On the subject of Japan he is no better informed although he feels solid ground under his feet in the matter of the Pearl Harbor attack. What he knows about our enemies is little, and that little is all bad.

If the charges contained in the newspaper correspondents' reports are true—and we have reason

to believe that they are—the schools of our country are not doing an efficient piece of work in preparing our young people for citizenship. The citizen who has been prepared for the responsibilities of citizenship takes an intelligent interest in all that concerns his country. The future welfare of his nation depends on the wisdom with which postwar problems are handled and with which the conditions are established for our relations with other countries. Yet we are told that he shows no interest in these topics. People are interested in those subjects about which they know something, and being interested they try to increase their knowledge. The average soldier is not interested in postwar problems because he knows so little about the factors involved in them. If we expect him to show an interest in these matters, we must see to it that a foundation of knowledge is laid for that interest while he is in school. If it is not laid then, in most cases it will not be laid later.

Before we can plant a perennial peace, we must get rid of the noxious weeds of racial prejudice and bigotry. There was a time when the progress of civilization was impeded by religious hatreds. Today, the progress of civilization is still blocked by the prejudice that springs from the little known. To kill this prejudice it is necessary to pour, in its full strength, disinfecting knowledge on the subject that breeds the prejudice.

Besides being an antidote against the virus of prejudice, knowledge is a tonic for building up good will. It frequently leads to admiration. In most people and in most nations that we know well we can find much to admire. A nation, like a person, responds to admiration and liking by giving its best in return, just as a nation, like a person, finds it hard to forgive a slighting, condescending or patronizing attitude.

If we are to enter into wise agreements with other peoples in the postwar period, we must know them; we must know their outlook on life and the circumstances that conditioned this outlook. We must know their problems, and to understand the full significance of their problems we must think in terms of possible solutions of them. The result will be a development of sympathy or fellow feeling, which after all is the only final solution of international problems, the only real anti-war serum, the only medicine that gets at the root of the racial antagonism and bigotry that have been so potent a factor in this, as in all wars.

If we are to be intelligent citizens, capable of acting in the best interests of our country, we must have perspective. We must see the whole of the world picture to understand our position in it and our relation to the rest of it. If we are to plan wisely for the future, we must have the pattern of the past to guide us.

Our factories are providing us with the munitions with which to win the war; our schools should be providing us with the knowledge and understanding with which to win peace. To do this we must again revise our course of study. We must teach more about our neighbors in this modern world, which, responding to the astringent effects of science, has now contracted so as to bring all

peoples into close proximity. We must teach their history, which is the key to the understanding of their present situation. We must place stress on social and economic conditions so that we can understand their problems. We must introduce the pupil to the literature of these peoples, for in it will be found the expression of their ideas and their ideals. We should bring him in contact with their other arts as well, to establish a common meeting ground on which he will find that in their essentials the patterns of life of all civilized nations are the same, that they differ only in extrinsic, circumstantial detail. He will find articulated in the arts of all nations the same principles of order, proportion and organic unity. He will see that where art is good, it has conformed to these principles and that where it is bad, it has violated them. He will notice that the same standards apply to the life of a nation as well.

It will probably be asked how can an already overburdened curriculum carry additional weight. It can be done by presenting larger units of material. The study of Modern European History can be expanded into the study of World History. By eliminating much unimportant factual detail, the teacher can survey more ground. Then the design running through history can be more easily perceived, and more and wiser deductions can be made from the survey. The study of Economic Geography will not only bring the pupil closer in understanding to other peoples but will enable him, by comparing our system with other systems, to find out in what respects it is inferior and in what superior. The study of World Governments will help him to make similar comparisons. The study of World Literature will give him the best of the wisdom of all ages and all peoples.

The average opponent of an international overstate bases his opposition on the realization that the various countries which would make up that state are not yet educated up to the responsibilities that would be entailed. He does not want to entrust his welfare to guardians who know as little about our country as we know about other countries. But though he sees that we are far from ready for any such political superstructure, he recognizes that a certain amount of international cooperation will be necessary after the war. Yet, knowing our lack of preparedness for this co-operation, he views even this pessimistically.

We have depended on emotion to carry us through the war to victory—emotion awakened by patriotic slogans and songs and propaganda. Emotion may win a war, but it takes reason to win a lasting peace—reason working hand in hand with knowledge. We lack the knowledge at present, but so did we lack the military equipment on December 7, 1941. Yet today, thanks to the energy and enthusiasm of the people in our factories, our armed forces are so well equipped that we face the outcome of the war with the highest hopes. If the teachers in our schools will put the same energy and enthusiasm into equipping our future citizens with knowledge of the peoples with whom we expect to cooperate, then we may face the postwar period, too, with hope.

LABOR UNIONS AS CORPORATIONS

B. H. FITZPATRICK

SINCE it was before he ascended the throne of Saint Peter that Innocent IV, the "Father of Corporations," coined his famous definition of a corporation, we can hardly say that he spoke *ex cathedra*. Yet over the seven centuries since *universitas est persona ficta* became accepted in the law, none has been found which more aptly and simply describes the essentials of a corporation. Time, place and circumstances have changed the incidentals of corporations; a wide gulf separates the gigantic American Telephone and Telegraph Company from the simple ecclesiastical corporations of the thirteenth century, and yet the definition remains as timeless as if proclaimed as a matter of Faith or morals.

What do we mean when we say that a corporation is a fictitious person? Simply that a group of rights exists independently of the particular persons who, at a given time, are entitled to exercise those rights.

In 1854, Horace Greeley was President of the New York Typographical Union. Greeley is today nothing but history, yet the type on which you now cast your eyes is set by the New York Typographical Union. Greeley is dead, but "Big Six" is not. Is not, therefore, "Big Six" a *persona ficta*? Certainly it is. It owned funds and property and had outstanding contracts while Greeley was alive; after he died it continued to own those funds and property and to hold those contracts. Its ideas, aims and functions, though changing to a degree with time, are still the ideas, aims and functions of that same union. Greeley and thousands of others have come, have tarried and departed; they were not "Big Six" nor was "Big Six" they, for "Big Six" still lives.

So, if the question is asked: "Should unions be incorporated?" the ready answer is that they are now for all practical purposes corporations. They have an existence independent of their membership; their property as a practical matter is treated as the property of a person; they make contracts; they, like corporations sovereign, make war of a sort and conclude treaties of peace; they have reputations which can be libeled; in our Federal Courts, at least, they may sue and be sued. In short, the social fact, however timid the law may be in proclaiming it, is that a labor union is a true corporation because it is a *persona ficta*.

Note, however, that labor-union personality comes into being by virtue of a social and not a political act. It is the creature of the people who united to create it and of their successors who keep it in being. It does not owe its existence or its continuance to the state. There are, however, corpora-

tions which come into being by acts of a political character. The King of England is such a corporation by virtue of the political acquiescence of the British people. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation came into being by an Act of Congress. Untold numbers of business corporations, membership corporations, religious corporations and municipal corporations are brought into being by virtue of special legislation or by the interested parties complying with general laws laid down by the legislatures.

If labor unions are really corporations and treated by the law as such, what then raises the frequently heard arguments about incorporation? The answer is that the friends of incorporation have a peculiar set of misconceptions about it, and the foes of incorporation have another peculiar set of misconceptions about it, and between the two sets of misconceptions a merry argument can be carried on.

The friends of incorporation say, in the main: first, that incorporation makes the union "responsible"; second, that if unions were incorporated, the State would be able to control their finances by requiring financial reports; third, that other forms of regulation could be imposed, such as requiring unions to keep their membership books open, or to limit their initiation fees and dues. From this they proceed to argue that the State should require all unions to incorporate in order that these advantages should be secured.

There is an unobtrusive but nevertheless real *non-sequitur* wrapped up in the general argument. If the State cannot validly legislate against the abuses of organizations which it does not create, where does it get its power to legislate them out of existence altogether in order to re-create them by its charter? If it is powerless to control the union because it has not chartered the union, how can it posit the supreme act of control—the destruction of the union? Conceding the premises, it does not follow that the State has more power by a forceful destruction and re-creation than it would have if it exercised its power to control abuses directly.

But the premises of the argument are also ill laid. The claim that unions would be more responsible if incorporated has no substance whatever. Most corporations are "limited liability companies," by which is meant that the members of the corporation are not liable for its debts when the corporate treasury is exhausted. In the case of trade unions as they now exist, at least in theory, not only is the union treasury liable, but each member of the union is liable for its debts after the union treasury has been exhausted. Certainly you do not add to responsibility by subtracting from the number of persons liable.

Nor is the chartered-corporation form any more likely to produce full treasuries than the present unchartered form. Neither the one nor the other is more apt to produce honest officials, well-kept books of account or shrewder management, as any lawyer familiar with the field will testify.

The premise that the State can require the making of financial reports from a corporation which

It has chartered, while it cannot require like reports of unchartered entities, is also false. If such a step be deemed wise by the State, it has full power to require it in either case. The courts have from time out of mind required trustees of funds to acquaint interested parties with the financial and other details of their stewardship. This premise is doubly false, however, because it imports that the State presently requires that the members of corporations be informed of the fiscal status and affairs of the business. Except in connection with tax-returns and stock-flotation and a few other special cases, this is not the fact; publication to the stockholders of financial detail is in the hands of the directors or stockholders as a private matter.

The third premise rests upon no better foundation than those first examined, but it will be more convenient to consider the general ability of the State to regulate in connection with the position of the foes of incorporation. It may here be said, however, that advocates of union reform would get farther faster if they talked of specific and direct remedies for specific evils rather than circuitous remedies for evils known and unknown.

Now a misconception also lies at the root of the position of the foes of incorporation. We have already noted that some corporate personalities are created by political rather than by social acts. The advocates of incorporation contemplate a politically created personality. The opponents of incorporation argue that what the State creates it can destroy or condition, and that if the State created the personality of labor unions it could also destroy them or impose upon them unreasonable conditions.

But the State cannot compel incorporation with the design or ultimate effect of destroying the corporation unless it could, in the first instance, have suppressed the institution which it compelled to incorporate. Nor can it lay upon corporations conditions which deprive them of substantive rights unless it could also deprive the unchartered union of those same rights. Thanks to a Supreme Court which had more common sense and social understanding than the average liberal will allow it had, corporations are persons and are entitled just as individuals to be equally protected by the laws.

The entire issue of incorporation is much ado about nothing. There are no compelling reasons to bolster the stand of the proponents of incorporation. Neither are there arguments to bolster the stand of the antagonists of the proposals.

Years ago a great many labor unions were incorporated, and some still are, including A. F. of L. affiliates. Today the trend is against incorporation. In some cases, this trend is the result of fear based upon the misconception noted above, but the probabilities are that it has simply been the trouble and expense of obtaining a State charter, compared with the small benefits obtained, that reversed the trend, rather than the element of fear.

The issue of incorporation of unions is entirely a false issue—a straw man. It is neither a proper vehicle of reform nor a great danger to the union movement. The sooner it is forgotten the better.

NATIONAL SOCIALISM'S APPEAL

THERE is always some mystification as to why Communism should possess such an "appeal." Explanations are numerous, but there is agreement upon the fact. Marxian converts are not confined to any one class of people. The wealthy are attracted as well as the disinherited; and no one nationality is immune.

It is not clear, however, why recognition of Communism's appeal should blind us to other types of attraction as well. I happened recently upon a remark of a foreign Catholic sociologist to the effect that National Socialism is not a thing that we can take in any way as seriously as Communism, because "it makes its appeal only to people of a certain nation," and so would have no meaning over here, whereas Communism's propaganda is worldwide and appeals to all.

This seemed to me one of those instances where a bit of clearing up might be in order.

Obviously, National Socialism as conceived in Germany, let us say, for Germans, would have no appeal to us in the United States or in Canada. The non-German is completely color-blind to the vivid seductions of *Deutschtum*. But this is no reason for saying that the idea of National Socialism cannot appeal quite as readily to any nation, and exert that appeal fully as forcefully as Communism.

In National Socialism, when we consider it, there are three elements, each of which can exert a very powerful influence upon the imaginations and passions of any country in the coming world.

The first of these is *nationalism*. Far from being dead or diminished by the war's fearful lessons, the spirit of nationalism is stronger than ever. It is capable now as ever of being roused to fanatic intensity; quite exceeding the utmost bounds of a legitimate and necessary patriotism. These sparks can be nourished in any country; it is not impossible that they be fanned in our own. An exasperated nationalism still remains a major obstacle to world peace.

A second element of strong appeal is *Socialism*. Socialism combined with nationalism has tremendous powers of propaganda and of execution which are not found in a communistic or international type of Socialism. This is what Stalin exemplifies. If it is true, as the postcards sent from Russia to Turkey are supposed to declare, that he is "selling" Communism to the German and Italian war prisoners, we can be sure that he is selling them Socialism on a national basis, something not so remote from systems they know already.

Finally, National Socialism possesses a psychological trump card in its propaganda of *racism and race hatred*. Race hatred is just as easily aroused as class hatred. It is merely a question of circumstances, which type of irritant a dictator will find most apt to use.

Those who are not conscious of any danger from an ideology are sometimes those who have been enticed by it. We cannot afford to let our fear of one enticement drive us into the arms of another.

J. L. F.

FROM time to time, we have called attention to the domestic revolution that is going on in the midst of this war. The essence of that revolution is the repudiation of the many social and economic changes which have taken place during the past decade and a return, as far as possible, to conditions as they existed prior to Mr. Roosevelt's advent on the Washington scene.

All in all, this revolution—the word is Colonel McCormick's, publisher of the *Chicago Tribune*—has been startling successful. It has strengthened the big commercial farm interests at the expense of the small farmer and the agricultural proletariat; it has pretty effectively undermined the prestige of various Federal agencies and made "bureaucrat" a word of scorn and derision; it has lowered public esteem for organized labor and greatly enhanced the reputation of industrial management. It has reversed, at least temporarily, the whole political and social trend of the past ten years.

For this tremendous achievement, the "reformers," of course, cannot take full credit. They were helped notably by undeniable abuses in some Federal agencies and especially in organized labor. They were helped, too, by Mr. Roosevelt's concentration on the war and by his obvious desire for national unity in the face of foreign foes. Most of all, perhaps, they were aided by all the dissatisfactions, fears and exasperations which are common to a people plunged into a war which they did not want but which they knew nevertheless they had to fight, and fight to the finish. War administrations, as Lincoln found out, are seldom popular.

But whatever be the reasons for the success of this revolution, the fact is undeniable. The Farm Security Administration has been grievously crippled; the National Youth Administration and the National Resources Planning Board have been completely liquidated; Government employes tremble at the least sound from Capitol Hill; and a large part of the public has come to curse organized labor as a matter of course and to thank its lucky stars for the productive genius of American industry.

Perhaps the victory has been too complete. Already there are abundant signs that the pro-New Deal forces have been deeply stirred by their reverses and are ready to mount a counterattack. The prospects for a bitter, divisive struggle in 1944 are ominously good, with all the dangerous possibilities this may have for the war effort.

We do not believe that there is any way of avoiding this struggle; just as there is no way of avoiding the isolationist-internationalist controversy. The questions at issue are profoundly important, and the people must be given a chance to vote on them. But that does not render the situation any less explosive. If the 1944 campaign degenerates into a political brawl, with name-calling and appeals to prejudice displacing argument and reason, it makes little difference which party wins. In either case, the country will be the loser.

THE SHERIFF'S POSSE

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, in his speech at Quebec, compared the present war to the calling out of the sheriff's posse in order to hunt down and exterminate a band of gangsters. This racy and familiar touch, characteristic of the President's style, is less a description of what we are doing, however, than of what we ought to be doing. We have not yet, in fact, attained the stage of international organization and international law where we can call out the sheriff's posse. In a word, we have no sheriff and no posse.

The sheriff, in a community, executes the law. If he is met with unexpected force and resistance, he is empowered to form the posse—to call into service any able-bodied citizens whom he may find at hand. Obviously, this power depends for its usefulness on the ready cooperation of the able-bodied citizens; it would be futile if the sheriff had to coerce the citizens into helping him coerce the evildoers. The calling out of the posse is effective just so far as the members of the community respect the law and are willing to take an active part in enforcing it. The individual citizens may have no great cause to love the sheriff; they may even feel that the law has been unfair to them, at times; but they have the underlying realization that justice must be meted out in an orderly manner, and that the forcible exaction of even a just claim by the private citizen, irrespective of the civil authorities, constitutes a threat to the well-being of their community to which none of its members can be indifferent.

Not until the nations of the world realize that they are a great community, that they must rule themselves by law, that war is a threat to every nation in the world and should be as great an anachronism as dueling in a civilized state, will the President's ideal be realized.

Utopian as this may sound, it is no more Utopian, as the President said of the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms, than the Declaration of Independence, Magna Charta, or Moses' presenting the Tables of the Law to the Israelites. Granted that in this fallen world we may never fully attain our ideals, that does not release us from the obligation to keep striving for them.

DRAFT OF FATHERS

"BIOLOGICALLY," writes a correspondent, "every child has two parents, but in daily life most of them only one. The *father* has disappeared." Not completely like the vanishing Indian, but in his capacity as father. Not the least difficult part of any program of family rehabilitation is the task of driving home to fathers the realization that their vocation in life, their essential occupation is, in cooperation with their wives, the building of a home, the raising of a family. Working at a job to supply roof and food and clothing is only part of this essential occupation. Provider and father are not synonymous.

Life in a highly specialized industrial system renders real fatherhood extremely difficult. The very struggle for existence makes the father in many cases a stranger to his family, little more than a frequent or not-so-frequent guest. At best, the hours he may work at being a father are severely limited. And now comes the draft of all fathers who do not immediately find their way into essential war occupations. Mere fatherhood, the mere responsibility and service of raising a family, is not to be any longer a reason for deferment. Still less the need that the children have of him.

We wish that Washington had found a better way of phrasing that order. If being a father and raising a family is not an essential occupation in war or peace, then what is? We wish, too, that we could feel more certain that this draft of fathers is really what it should be, the last resort of an army that cannot possibly fill its absolutely necessary quota in any other way. It will do us little good to fight this war to victory if at its end family life should have been destroyed.

Already alarming reports from all over the country tell of the evils consequent upon mothers in war work. Some of them have to work, but while they work, little children are locked in parked cars all day long, spend lonely hours seeing the same movie over and over again while waiting for mother's return and, worse still, are falling in frightening numbers into ways of crime from which there is seldom any escape. Shall we now add to working wives those 400,000 more whose husbands are to be drafted? It is not a pleasant prospect.

THE ABSENT PARTNER

SINCE the day when Hitler brought Stalin into the war on the side of the Allies, Americans have leaned over backward in their endeavors to be friendly to Russia. Beyond doubt, of course, no words are adequate to praise the heroic efforts of the Russian people in the defense of their country; in any history, the citizens of Stalingrad must rank with those of London and Coventry in their intrepid acceptance of the brunt of total war. We should be sorry if any utterances of ours should seem to detract from the bravery of the men and women, and even the children of Russia who are bearing Hitler's fiercest attacks and returning them with interest.

But certain acts of the Soviet Government cannot but cause disquiet in those who are vitally interested in winning the war and establishing a better order after it. Such, for instance, was the quiet absorption of the independent Baltic republics and the curt announcement that their ultimate destiny is now a matter of purely Russian concern, to be settled according to Russian law. Another was the secret trial and execution of the two Polish labor leaders, Ehrlich and Alter. Yet again, there is the close secrecy maintained by the Soviets about their military affairs; their military observers in the United States are given privileges denied to ours in Russia. There is the grudging acceptance of the American and British contributions to the war and the persistent demand for a second front where and when it suits the Soviet Government to have it. There is the consistent absence of Premier Stalin from the meetings of Allied leaders, scarcely to be completely explained by the lack of an invitation or the need for the Premier's physical presence in Russia. There is, most recent of all, the withdrawal of the Soviet Ambassadors from London and Washington while Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill were conferring in Quebec. The sudden pulling out of Messrs. Litvinov and Maisky—men thoroughly acquainted with the American and British scenes—at the very moment when America and Britain were conferring on action against their and Russia's common enemy, certainly calls for explanation.

In saying all this, we are doubtless laying ourselves open to the accusation, in certain quarters, of fomenting disunity amongst the United Nations. With these apologists for Stalin, criticism is taboo. One may pillory Mr. Churchill, who did not become the King's First Minister to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire. One may castigate President Roosevelt, who—be it remembered—in the critical Summer and Fall of 1940, when Britain had its back to the wall, stretched the Constitution to its limits (and beyond, some say) and staked his political future on the aid to Britain which, in all probability, was the one single event that turned the tide of the war. If the President had heeded the anti-war clamor raised around him by the friends of Premier Stalin, Hitler might by now have dictated peace in London and Brest-Litovsk. Nevertheless, we may let ourselves go on Mr. Roosevelt's

"bumbling and bungling" in North Africa. Others abide our question—only Stalin is free.

We do not want to disunite the United Nations; we want closer cooperation, with accent on the *co*. We should like a closer *rapprochement* between Messrs. Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin. This will not be brought about by assuming that Stalin is always right. No one is always right. Nor will it serve to blame our previous attitudes to Russia. We can stand without blushing on our Lend-Lease contributions, which began *before* we were in the war. What is needed is more of an effort on the Soviet Government's part to show that it appreciates our common purpose, and less of a tendency to play a lone hand.

Here let us be frank. Stalin may very well ask us: What common purpose? And so far there is no answer. We have gone along whistling in the dark; we have blithely assumed that the Soviet Government was as democratic as Mr. Willkie. We have closed our eyes to such awkward events as the extinction of the Baltic republics, we have refused to ask ourselves the pertinent questions about Poland, Eastern Europe and the Balkans. What common purpose, indeed?

And all the while we are sitting upon dynamite. Problems involving all the tangled loyalties of a thousand years of history are not solved by ignoring them. They only keep on developing higher and higher tension, until the break comes. These problems are being forced upon us now by the very power of our own arms; every inch of Axis soil conquered brings the day of reckoning nearer. Nothing could be more disastrous to the prospects of a better postwar world than disunity among the United Nations in victory.

If we have no common purpose—and the evidence for its existence is woefully unconvincing—in Heaven's name, let us get one. The West needs Russia just as much as Russia needs the West, in any postwar arrangement. It would be the sheerest folly to try to settle the world otherwise. It should not surpass the wit—and the good will—of man to devise a principle of agreement which will satisfy Russia, Russia's neighbors and Great Britain and America. Our finest Americans are giving their lives for such a principle. Only a true and lasting peace can justify the sacrifices we are asking of them.

SALUDOS AMIGOS

WROTE the Secretary of Agriculture to the Executive Secretary of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference: "Friendly cooperation and neighborly assistance between our country and Mexico will not come about simply by wish, but must be practised." As an illustration he cited what the Conference is doing to help the people of Mexico in their rural problems. The Conference's efforts got off to a flying start with the first "Rural Week," *Semana Rural*, presided over by the Most Rev. Joseph H. Schlarman, Bishop of Peoria, and Msgr. Ligutti, at Montezuma, N. M., August 2 to 4 of this year. Congratulations to the pioneers.

THE STRANGER NEXT DOOR

TODAY there is a new meaning in the old parable of the Good Samaritan (Saint Luke, x, 30-35). It is not a new interpretation as to what the parable means, but it is a new opportunity to practise a difficult lesson.

The Gospel says that when the scribe asked the question: "And who is my neighbor?" the Saviour "took him up." He met the difficulty the scribe proposed not by softening it, but by singling out for special praise just that thing which the scribe in his narrow heart most disliked: the love of a man who was a stranger, an alien, of another tribe or race. "This do and thou shalt live," was the Saviour's introduction; and "Go and do thou also in like manner" was His conclusion, by which, as it were, He drove the lesson home.

"It's the Devil who is mixing people up and moving them around today!" cried an angry woman to her parish priest. Maybe the Devil has something to do with it, for that person is always glad to add to human confusion. But the Providence of God may have a say in it, too; for God's Providence can always bring good out of the Devil's contrivances.

The precept: "Go and do thou also in like manner" is not addressed only to missionaries who travel far in order to aid peoples in distant lands. These words are spoken also to peaceful residents in a large city community who are disturbed and alarmed at the presence of strangers in their midst, undesired, perhaps undesirable.

The war has brought its migrants: for defense work, for other reasons. The strangers are of every variety: other nations or tribes or colors; people without our Faith, or of no Faith at all. They are as unsympathetic to the average pewholder in the large city parish or to the peaceful dweller in a small community as was the Jew to the Samaritan of old. And the sight of them may revive memories of old scores and resentments, as did the mutual sight of Jews and Samaritans. One and all, however, the strangers have a trait in common. They have been beaten and robbed, in one way or another: if not by physical exploitation, then by spiritual destitution and religious ignorance, by the ravages of sin among their youth. In some cases they are neither lovable nor loving. They are but human beings in the desperate need of "oil and wine," of that remedial charity which binds up social wounds, that preventative charity which forestalls evil by prudent care.

"To be sure of eternal life," said Pope Pius XI, it is necessary "to forget self for love of neighbor. There is a Divine regenerating force in this 'new precept' (as Christ called it) of Christian charity. Its faithful observance will pour into the heart an inner peace the world knows not, and will finally cure the ills which oppress humanity." (*Divini Redemptoris*, no. 48.)

The Popes and the Bishops have indicated some of the oil and wine to be poured upon the stranger's wounds. Our own thought and counsel will suggest the rest. The main thing is, not to "pass by," but to "do in like manner" while the wounds can be healed.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

THE ATHLETE

JOSEPH DEVER

HE wanted so to be an athlete. He was always little and elfin, too much of the fern and not enough of the oak to be an athlete. There was a time when he was littler. It was the day of the frail, tinny voices in the red-brick school yard. Everyone was little then, yet even among these little, there were littler. It was a world of little where there could be found the boys who were oaks and the boys who were ferns.

Yet even though you were a fern you could be unafraid and you could volunteer brusquely for the thunder game which was called: "Hill Dill Come Over the Hill!"

There was Joe Flags, the greatest oaken one of all. He would stand in the middle of the yard, chunky legs spread, short club-arms looped as he leaned forward with his hands on his hips. There was a herd milling roughly and raucously against the farther schoolyard fence. Joe would wait gloatingly. The other oaks would paw, shove and sharp-elbow the ferns into the undiminished ardor that was the rear-rank mobbage. The mad male rub and mingle would abate with a sure slowness and Flags would stand there before you, lord and master of ensuing thunder.

Now there is the trickling out of roister, a descent of mystic silence, and you wait for the whip-crack stridence of Joe Flags' voice to send you plunging, reeling and mad-pounding toward the sweet triumphant haven of that other fence. There it is, the piping clarion. Get you gone and away, away. . . . "Hill dill come over the hill!"

What a stampede toward that farther fence. What dodging, weaving and center ploughing. But there was Joe Flags madly hither and yon, Joe Flags and the scruff of your neck, the cuff of your mackinaw, the streaming belt of your coat, the collar of your shirt. Any, both, or all of these for Joe Flags, the swooper and the pincerer, for "one, two, three," you were his man.

You were in his army now and you exulted in serving him. His strength was yours, his boldness and disdain your very own. Let the others have a care now, for you were an athlete, and Joe Flags was your captain. Then there would come the summoning frenzy of that maniacal clapper bell. You had to run to class, you lined up in the routine discipline of twos and you marched in a quiet, orderly fashion to your room.

It is stilly afternoon, autumn riots without your window. You are in the eighth grade and you write

themes now. There is a copybook in front of you and you are to write a story. It is to be a story of something you have lived and felt, something that is part of the blood and bone in you, something interwoven with the immortal spirit that you know and believe is of you.

"The Athlete," you write.

"I have always wanted to be an athlete ever since I was small. I love football, baseball, basketball and hockey. I like these games because they make you strong and because all my friends like them. I like them most of all because I love to win games."

You look across at Joe Flags who is scratching his head and wrinkling his forehead, as he gapes and grimaces at the virginal copybook before him. And oh, the things of which he could write, the heroes that he has been, the great and noble deeds he has performed. He has performed these deeds upon the gridiron, the sheet of ice, the lacquered floor, the diamond. His herculean, gusty greatness, if only he could name it, if only he could give it tongue.

You have that knowledge, too, but you have been near it rather than part of it. You have been the watcher and the hoper, rarely the participant. On the fringe of it all, all the gusto and the glory, on the sidelines, the foul lines, the blue lines you have watched, hungered and devoured with your eyes.

Thus you have that knowledge of the whole wide world of the young athlete. You know it well, what is more, you feel it poignantly, and some day when you have a tongue, you will tell of it. For the leaping of your heart you will tell this tale and you will tell it for Joe Flags. And this is the way you will sing. . . .

Of autumn that is still summer and that which you saw of gold and glory from that high classroom window.

It is late afternoon and you are in school. There had been too much athletics lately and not enough application to Bible History. Brother Alvinus, who teaches Grade Eight B, is roaring mad and the class is staying after school.

If there were only a hurricane or a blizzard, or even a tantalizing drizzle outside, you would not mind being here writing out vocabulary words. But no, Indian summer is about in all her gold rainbow splendor.

The fellows in the room across the hall were let out on time; they have changed their clothes and in the tatterdemalion of old and sorry athletic equipment that is universal with boys, they are parading their strategies and executing their maudlin blocks and tackles hardly a hundred yards from the school building. For the playing field, Washington Park, is close by and you can hear the dull, nostalgic thud

of shoe against leather; you can hear the high voices borne upon the autumn breezes. These breezes had climbed up the bars of oppressive sunlight to where you kept your martyred and dreamy window vigil.

But you won't have to stay after long, for Brother Alvinus must answer a chapel call at quarter of five. Quarter of five! The sun will be a waning redness at six, and it is football time, come on, come on.

There could be no game, but there could be practice. No time to go home and change your clothes, no time for cocoa gulpings, old overalls, three sweaters, there is time only to practise, to pass, kick, run, block, tackle and eat earth.

"Hike, one, two, three, four, signals. . ."

"Okay, Sparrow, you get in here with me and run through some plays."

"Okay, Joe."

Run through some plays. Stand beside Joe Flags on practice day while the guy who plays on Saturdays takes a rest.

But there was Joe Flags ramming that ball into your midriff as you completed the criss-cross, and he was out there in front of you before you knew it, sweeping a path for you like a runaway lawnmower. All you did was run until your legs wobbled with weakness and you could go no farther. Usually you arrived at the place where they gave you gold, that is to say, you made a touchdown. For no one on that field could get between you and the great Joe Flags. And even though it was practice, you were an athlete and Flags said: "Har ta go!"

The westering light in gold-glow dimness now called you to your rest. The small winds have been fitted for night with infinitesimal needles, there is a sullen look about the school and the dusk-camouflaged trees. It all means Autumn, it all means the coming of nip, tingle and rainbow splendor. Autumn dusk meant that you must go home to ma and tell her why you didn't get back from school earlier. You'd tell pa that you and Joe Flags made a touchdown in practice, and you'd do your homework: the puzzling figures, the famous dates and the immortal names.

Then it would be bed, cool, darkling and inevitably warm. Somewhere in a distance, a train would whistle dementedly; you could hear a bird and its frightened desolate call, and then the train again, the blankets warmer, night cooler and blacker, then your dreams with athletes running up and down.

And Autumn would fade, the toothy winds would come, bringing with them the driven snow and the slaggy shoals of ice.

It is hockey time now. Already the flooded acre which is Washington Park is congealing, and tomorrow that which was weak and muddy will be sure-sustaining and mirror-clear.

Of course you will remember hockey because of Joe Flags. You remember the way he would become as the wind, sweeping the puck and the players before him in a rushing, icy blast. He would skate up the ice in a gathering of momentum, then he would sway and sail in a wide, outflanking

movement which would be climaxed in a precipitate insweep. This would raise a trailing silver flux of ice-dust, and the puck would hum lyrically through you as Joe thundered by you, clouded in spinning diamonds.

Yet even though the puck lacerated you or elfinly eluded your frantic swipes and body lunges, though there were clammy, blue, raw-sore welts upon your shins, though the leather in your shoe skates was flaccid, though the blades buckled and you ran, not skated, upon the sides of your feet, though you were bravely pathetic, you were an athlete. Joe Flags was your more gifted yet true-metal friend, and laughter, warmth, the bright and beckoning promise of tomorrow's games swelled all your being.

It can be basketball time now. There are the barny, girder-netted buildings throughout the sprawling cities which you know. Gymnasia everywhere abound, where the yellers, the ball-bouncers, the leapers and strong-perspirers can be found. They are all athletes, all enslaved by a fevered, lung-searing rush that is called basketball.

You remember most of all the lobs and swishes which are part of making baskets. For in many sports there is the mad rush and the passing of a ball, but only here is there the rhythmical leap, the fluid lob, and the souging swish that may spell victory or doom.

You remember the locker room when your team had won. There was hilarity and horseplay, the whip-snap of towels upon naked flesh, the thin and piping staccato of an Irish ballad, the slamming, exultant jungle tempo of locker-doors.

And if you lost, there was the brooding silence, the lonesome muteness of forbidden song.

And how does Spring come? How, now that Winter, hockey and basketball are gone and done with, how does Spring come, does baseball come? It comes with a creep, Spring does, with a creep, a crawl, and the inexorable patience of a Job. Yet long though its coming be, inevitably, bud-burstingly it comes. You will awake on a Saturday morning, there will be a heavy sun-hand upon your face, a robin's measured notes in your ear.

It is Spring. Washington Park is baking fast. What was a vast and oozy pudding is steaming into dust.

"Plock!"

There is the explosion of bat and ball, and you are running far. There is a leather mitt upon your hand; moist and butter-coddled its ample pocket yawns toward that winging horsehide ball.

For it is full and flowering Spring; Joe Flags has just wham-pressured a three and two pitch clear through the school-house window; you are all athletes again and your young hearts sing.

The wheel will ever come full circle; the lingering, lyric sultriness of summer will lengthen into Autumn and: "hurry, oh, hurry . . ." for it will be football time. . . .

But you are back in the classroom of Brother Alvinus. The tantalizing vacuity of the copybook is in front of you. Your story, "The Athlete," is still unfinished.

BOOKS

NEWEST SOVIET YOUTH

MOTHER RUSSIA. By Maurice Hindus. Doubleday, Doran and Co. \$3.50

THIS is Mr. Hindus' thirteenth book on Russia. Like its predecessors, it is brilliantly written: a series of colorful pictures taken directly from the intimate life of the people. As in former times Mr. Hindus is enthusiastic and sympathetic toward the Soviet Experiment.

In this latest work, he tends more than ever to anecdotes and human-interest incidents: conventionalized stories of youthful heroes in the class warfare have given way to stirring tales of youths and maidens who have done mighty things in battle against the Germans in the present war. Naturally, the valiant maidens are the most sensational. They read curiously like saints' lives. Zoya Kosmodemyanskaya startled even her mother by her lack of "attachments to any one boy," eschewed vodka, wine and even cigarettes, but "became a skilled marksman and also acquired creditable competence in the wielding of a bayonet"—with dire consequences to the enemy before she was hanged by them as a guerilla fighter and an incendiary.

Mr. Hindus makes no reserves in telling of the tremendous changes which have occurred in Russia. As for 1942, he sums it up as follows:

For the first time since the Revolution, Russian youth knew normalcy and stability in duty, in thought, in social elevation, in artistic appreciation. However much this normalcy was colored by political consideration, and however lacking in finality, it laid an end to rebellion—though not at once to the grumbling against school discipline and family unity, against other institutions and loyalties which previous generations of youth had sought to talk or laugh or spit out of existence. The new youth was receiving a multitude of emotional and intellectual stimulations which former generations had known only partially and chaotically. [Italics mine.]

A pertinent question rises to the mind when you compare the picture of youth's attitude toward these "institutions and loyalties" given in *Mother Russia*, with that described in some of Mr. Hindus' earlier works. There was no indication in those days that any such change would be conceivable. Rather there was the positive assumption that it was unthinkable. There was "finality" without limit in those earlier descriptions.

In 1931, the class struggle was a "magic wand and a Holy Grail" (*Humanity Uprooted*, page 219). "Nowhere in the world" was youth "so independent of parental authority or the guidance of elders." Nowhere was it so "habituated to the notion of sex equality and sex freedom, to the repudiation of religion." "The new man in Russia," wrote Hindus in 1933, "has lost all faith in God and fear of God" (*The Great Offensive*, page 189). He has lost the fear of sex, of money, of the family, of insecurity. The family is "no longer a spiritual or an economic entity. . . . It has no meaning as an independent body. They never think in terms of family tradition."

Today, the Government is "cordial to religion," and the Church, which Hindus in former years saw "spat upon," is thought patriotic. The higher clergy are honored citizens. As for sex, "since the passage of the new law against abortions, sex has been relegated more and more into the framework of marriage and motherhood." Fyodorova, the Komsomol secretary, would regard a woman who committed an abortion "as the worst enemy of herself and society." Lovers correspond with beautiful and dignified letters, in somewhat Victorian style. As for the family:

The war has lifted the family to a new eminence

and a new appreciation. Were anyone to speak of it as a relic of a bygone age and fit for oblivion and annihilation, he would be deemed a maniac or an outcast. Now there are no more hallowed words in the Russian language than *semya* (family) and *rodina* (fatherland). . . . Without the family and the fatherland there are only emptiness and futility.

And so, says Mr. Hindus, here is "This Russia." Even old age—the *starik* (old person) and the *predki* (forebears)—is honored.

This is Stalin's will, this is Stalin's politics, this is war's expediency, in the interests of healthy national defense. But the change is not all Stalin nor all war. It is also the inexorable law of God, Who has called the bluff of those "clean sweepers" whose trump card was the complete finality of their "newness."

Of the crumbling Orthodox Church, Mr. Hindus wrote in 1931 that only a miracle could save it from annihilation. Cautiously he added: "Miracles do happen—though not very often."

Well, if anything like such a "miracle" has happened in the change from That Russia to This, is it not about time for Mr. Hindus and all other writers on Russia to acknowledge the power that works it?

JOHN LAFARGE

PURITAN INDIVIDUALIST

CHALLENGE TO FREEDOM. By Henry M. Wriston. Harper and Bros. \$2

ONE thing can be said about this book without much fear of contradiction: Dr. Wriston, who is President of Brown University, is a scintillating debater who can make the English language stand on its head and jump through a hoop. Everything else about it, except, perhaps, the author's regard for Christianity, will provoke violent dispute.

Dr. Wriston's professed purpose is to raise high the banner of freedom against statism, planning, bureaucracy, monopoly, privilege, the New Deal and all its pomps and works, and against anything else that threatens to regiment Americans and destroy their initiative. He is against the Wagner Act, the growth of government by administrative agencies, the current emphasis on social obligations as opposed to individual rights, price-fixing and limitation of output. In a very special way he is against the contemporary preoccupation with social security and full employment—a trend which he regards as most seductively fatal to freedom.

What he is for, in general, is clear enough. Dr. Wriston wants the Ten Commandments, Christianity, the moral law, the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. Repudiating both laissez-faire economics and collectivism, he would like to see American business adopt what he calls the traditional American system—a system in which the State is content, with a few well defined exceptions, to be a policeman, and the people are left free, within certain laws, to make a living in any way they see fit. If we follow this prescription, if we free ourselves from the psychosis of security and do and dare as did our forefathers, Dr. Wriston promises us prosperity and liberty such as the world has never seen before.

But how, specifically, Dr. Wriston would deal with the enormous complexities of modern industry and agriculture is exasperatingly vague. It is not very difficult to stand on the sidelines and criticize the earnest efforts that have been made in Washington these past ten years to cope with the gravest economic crisis in our history.

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Neither is it difficult to wave the flag and, invoking the names of the Founding Fathers, call upon all men to worship at the shrine of liberty. What is difficult is to show how, in detail, we can create conditions in which every adult, able-bodied American citizen can have an honest chance to earn a wage sufficient for himself and his family. Or to demonstrate how the Government, as soon as we sink into the next depression, can avoid intervening in economic affairs, as it was forced to do in 1933.

Time and again throughout this book, I had the feeling that Dr. Wriston was demolishing, not his opponents, many of whom are just as devoted to freedom as he is, but a synthetic host of straw men. Worse still, I strongly suspect that his ethical concept of human liberty squares neither with Christian tradition nor with the moral law. My guess is that Dr. Wriston belongs ideologically to that discredited Puritan tradition which begot "rugged individualism" on these shores and, in begetting it, almost completely destroyed real private property and free enterprise. In short, he appears to stand for an individualism which is next door to anarchy and which, if it prevails after this war, will inevitably result, not in a wider area of freedom, but in that deadening collectivism which I join him most heartily in abominating.

BENJAMIN L. MASSE

SURVEY TO THE SOUTH

INTER-AMERICAN AFFAIRS: 1942. Edited by Arthur Preston Whitaker. Columbia University Press. \$3
AMONG the "Good Books on Latin America," the annual survey edited by Professor Whitaker has come to take the first place. Admirably conceived as an expression by topflight specialists of the current picture of our Western Hemisphere, this second volume in the projected yearly publication quite fully meets the exacting demands indicated by its predecessor, and in several ways goes beyond the evident success achieved in the inaugural number.

It is slowly dawning on American readers that the Good Neighbor Policy, the events incidental to the war, and the tremendous development in airways and air transportation have put a new face on American life. Most of the world's population, indeed, lives in the Northern Hemisphere of the globe. And Canada has been marked out by geography as the crossroads for the future of this Hemisphere. But, alone of all regions of the world, our western continents show a north-south extension of similar and friendly peoples who recognize their mutual likeness and interests. No hostile force divides them, while many ties of past and present link them together in the cooperative life of today and tomorrow.

Some political thinkers argue that from this fact should emerge a regional isolationism, a federation of similar nations which will face the future world as a unit bloc intent only on the pursuit of its local happiness. The editorial tone of *Inter-American Affairs* steers directly away from this narrow path. While stressing the interaction of primarily American concerns, the book insists on

... the concept of open regionalism which recognizes the existence of strong ties between the Americas and other parts of the world, and the need for the development of an international system that will harmonize with this all-important fact of American life.

As in the first volume of 1941, so the present study gives attention to the most striking fields of Inter-American action. An able introduction is followed by essays on "Politics and Diplomacy," "Industry, Commerce and Finance," "Cultural Relations," "Social Welfare," "Labor Legislation," "Health and Sanitation," and a wholly new chapter on "Technical Cooperation." The appendices

constitute in short summary a statistical yearbook of populations, finance, trade and political structure.

Year by year our attention shifts to new facets of life, and the chapter on "Cultural Relations" will undoubtedly appeal strongly to the students of today. Rex Crawford has done an admirable job of pointing the concrete accomplishments in this field that is so difficult of definition. He gives a convincing reply to critics who feel that our only ability is to compile lists and turn out bibliographies. The improvement in cultural rapprochement between ourselves and the Other Americas has nowhere been more clearly stated.

Professor Whitaker undertakes the duty of sketching what certainly catches the eye of most observers, the political situation in its international aspects. After a running account of the milestones in cooperative activity, he touches on the still active subject of Hispanidad, in so far as that topic affects our united interests. In an effort to bring balance to our discussions of this point, he perhaps overdraws the fact and makes of Hispanidad the key to understanding what might more properly be called the national traditions of several countries. Thus he links up the Mexican phenomenon of Synarchism with his greater concept of Hispanicism. In the seven pages devoted to this matter he writes with clarity and caution, yet the reviewer would prefer to see the Sinarquistas treated in connection with social, labor and agricultural topics rather than with political problems. To him it is not evident that the Sinarquistas operate with a political program. They place no candidates in the field, do no campaigning, do not even vote as a bloc, though they are said to hold almost a majority of the voting strength in Mexico.

And to make their rejection of "liberal democracy" a condemnation of United States constitutional views appears an oversight of the sense in which Mexicans understand the term "liberal." Their experience with democratic forms gives meanings to words quite at variance with our meaning of "liberal," "federal," "democratic." Nevertheless, the chapter on politics deserves the careful study of all who write, teach or lecture about our sister republics. And the editor and his colleagues merit the thanks which they will surely receive for giving us this authoritative and penetrating account of America in 1942.

W. EUGENE SHIELDS

NOTRE DAME: ONE HUNDRED YEARS. By Arthur J. Hope, C.S.C. Notre Dame University Press. \$4

NOTRE DAME has not been fortunate in her jubilees. Her twenty-fifth came at the close of the Civil War, her fiftieth in the days of the Spanish-American war, her seventy-fifth in 1917, and now her centenary falls within World War II. But in most other circumstances a kindly Providence has favored her. Witness her great and saintly founder, Edward Sorin; her succession of able administrators and teachers; the growth of her student body; her material prosperity and spiritual leadership; the devotion and generosity of alumni and friends.

It is of this benign Providence and commingling trials that Father Hope writes in his substantial history of Notre Dame's first hundred years. The beginnings, like all pioneer works, were humble and small. There were only twenty-five students in 1844, the year in which the Indiana legislature conferred university rights and privileges. In 1859, the enrollment was 218, in 1900 only 700. But since the first World War the growth has been rapid, so that the 1942 figures were 4,429. Begun as a combined preparatory school and college of arts, in 1865 a college of science was founded; law was added in 1869, engineering in 1873, a graduate school in 1918, and commerce in 1920.

But a university is no greater than its leaders. Hence Father Hope wisely devotes ample space to the record of Notre Dame's fourteen presidents and its many outstanding religious and lay teachers. Besides Father Sorin, who was president until 1865, the university has been governed by such able men as Fathers John W. Cavanaugh, James A. Burns, Charles L. O'Donnell, and John

"The Common Burden"

On exhorting others to repent: "Everything is ours, the burden of sin, the suffering of the world, the responsibility of facing it, the work of the world; (and ours too the glory of the saints, the graces of all the faithful, the ardors of the holy souls). We are all one, we cannot be 'neutral' and still be human; we are all one in Christ.

"There is no 'them' or 'they' for Christians. Christ's attitude cuts out all pharisaism, all isolation, all aloofness which dares to exhort others to repent. If we see guilt, the guilt is ours, the duty of reparation is ours, the bearing of the burden is ours. The present agony of the world is ours; if we are Christians we are bound to enter into it, to accept our responsibility for it, to share to the full the work of defending, healing, saving, through hard work, through true contrition, through deep humility, through service."

—Quoted from Caryl Houselander's book:
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The good Lord ought to be satisfied: "Surely it is evident in any of these houses that the productive home is the finest example of human co-operation. As they work, the baby is at its bottle in the crib alongside, a little girl is in the mother's lap and is regarding every stitch. . . . 'Fourteen,' I remark; 'that's a big family.' 'Yes,' she says, as joyous as spring. 'The good Lord ought to be satisfied with us for that.' It is a new usage. The Psalmist says, 'Blessed is the man whose desire is satisfied with children,' and we know that the man's blessedness is that he can boldly 'meet the enemy at the gate.' But Madame Devaut has a new usage: the will or desire of the good God ought to be satisfied with the houseful of people produced by herself and Devaut."

—Quoted from Leo Ward's *NOVA SCOTIA: Land of Co-operators*. Price \$2.50

They have an instinct for ownership: "So native to the heart of man and woman is to have a home, and therefore a quiver-full of children that much money and all kinds of best-sellers have been but moderately successful against it. 'You can drive nature out with a pitchfork, but back she comes.' And just as the average man and woman have a homing instinct, so have they an instinct for ownership; or as some call it, a proprietary instinct.

"We must beware of judging this to be a selfish instinct in the average man. His instinct for ownership is not just an animal push for elbow-room, but a fine gesture of love for the wife and children of his love. . . . When the home and homestead have been re-established, the people have re-built the best school for teaching the best lesson, of self-sacrificing love. It can never be repeated too often that the Family is the natural or primary co-operative unit. And there is no other. All the instincts for family co-operation, with its common life and common ways of life, are natural and primary."

—Quoted from Vincent McNabb's *OLD PRINCIPLES AND THE NEW ORDER*. Price \$2.75

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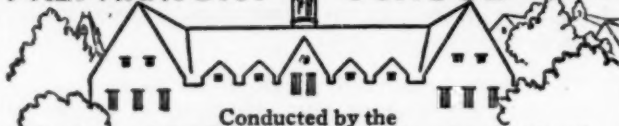
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F. O'Hara (now Bishop and military delegate for the United States armed forces). Two Notre Dame scientists, Fathers John A. Zahm and Julius Nieuwland, won international fame for their writings and experiments; Father John B. Scheier was eminent as a classicist, Father Alexander Kirsch as a biologist. But the university was particularly fortunate in attracting noted laymen to its faculties. Among them were Charles Warren Stoddard, Maurice Francis Egan, Dr. Austin O'Malley, Charles Phillips, Jerome Green, Yves Simon, Waldemar Gurian, Ferdinand Hermens, Arthur Haas, Karl Menger.

There are other interesting phases of Notre Dame history recounted in this centennial volume: for example, the origin of the Laetare Medal, the story of Notre Dame football and of Knute Rockne, famous visitors and lecturers, Notre Dame publications, and the first great drive for an endowment and building fund. Father Hope has written an engrossing narrative, and he has documented it with discrimination. There is a satisfactory list of sources and an index. **ALLAN P. FARRELL**

WAR EAGLES. By Col. James Saxon Childers, U.S.A.

D. Appleton-Century Co. \$3.75

TO air enthusiasts the Eagle Squadron is well known as the group of American volunteers who served with the R.A.F. prior to our entry into the war. With official records at his disposal, Colonel Childers has attempted a popular treatment of their accomplishments. The book gives an interesting account of modern air fighting and is enlivened with several official photos of air activity and of the personnel of the Squadron. There is even a two-page spread of the famed Gremlins! Best of all are the several vivid accounts of dog fights and raiding sweeps over occupied Europe.

Despite its good points the book has a definitely pagan taste. Granted the heroic bravery of the Eagle, there is still no reason to hold up a lopsided ideal, as the author seems to in his enthusiasm. One can hardly go all out for men who feel more for the destruction of an enemy plane than for the death of its pilot, who feed on hate and the myth of the Hun. **JOHN D. BOYD**

THE ARMS ARE FAIR. By Bradford Smith. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$2.50

BEFORE reporting for duty with the army of the Emperor of Japan, Tadeo Akiyama reads in *Henry IV*:

Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
 When the intent of bearing them is just.

For him, at first, the intent was just, until, as an "enemy-lover," he is forced into bayoneting helpless prisoners. Even his less sensitive companions are shocked to find that they have not come to China as "liberators." By chance, Tadeo encounters a Chinese friend of student days; there follows a slow process of understanding and expiation for Tadeo, resulting at length in a release from fear and the espousal of a higher loyalty. A subplot concerning Chinese students and their traveling university provides a refreshing and poignant contrast.

Scenes of battle and carnage are etched with discriminating realism; the author's approach is both selective and effective. The close of the book is less fine artistically than the opening pages; its truth to historic fact, however, goes far to justify the somewhat sentimental ending. The story in *The Arms Are Fair* is compelling in its own right, but its larger purpose merits even greater attention. The Chinese attitude of understanding toward individual Japanese and appreciation for Japan's unwitting contribution to China's awakening, so aptly depicted in these pages, can teach many of us a needed lesson. **RILEY HUGHES**

THREE STAFF MEMBERS, each an expert in the field he treats, contribute the feature reviews.

ALLAN P. FARRELL is Assistant Secretary of the Jesuit Educational Association.

RILEY HUGHES is an instructor in English at Providence College.

MUSIC

RECORDINGS. The love of clarity was the ruling factor in Vincent d'Indy's artistic nature. His broad musical education brought him in contact with other countries, other times and all kinds of musical forms. He knew the great musicians, Wagner, Liszt, Brahms, and César Franck. He first stirred up interest in musical education in France, and in 1885, with the help of Charles Bordes, he founded the Schola Cantorum in Paris and became its president in 1900.

D'Indy's *Second Symphony in B Flat, Op. 57* has been recorded for the first time by Victor (DM-943, five twelve-inch records). That champion of French music, Pierre Monteux, aided by the San Francisco Symphony, gives a most convincing interpretation of the work. It was not long ago that the same conductor and orchestra played d'Indy's *Symphony on a French Mountain Air* for Victor publication (DM-963). Monteux has also recorded the Franck *Symphony in D Minor* (VM-840).

The only other great work of the César Franck period, the *Symphony in B Flat Major*, by Ernest Chausson, is out of print. It was recorded by Coppola and the Paris Conservatory Orchestra (Victor M-261). Perhaps Monteux and Victor will come together and re-issue the Chausson. Then, record collectors could obtain a complete set of the masterpieces of this interesting musical period.

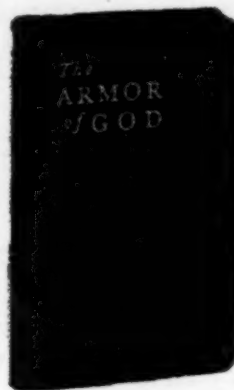
These composers had individual personalities, but their music is distinguished by a principle of musical structure commonly called cyclic form, or common thematic material appearing in all movements of a work. It is a device which binds together the several movements of a symphony, sonata, or string quartet, and examples of this procedure may also be found in the works of Liszt, Wagner, Brahms and others.

Cyclic form as employed by Franck and d'Indy involves the use of two quite different ideas. The first is direct or little changed material heard in earlier as well as later movements. The second device is the derivation by subtle and remote processes of thematic ideas from germ motifs. There are two germ motifs in the Second Symphony by d'Indy, as in the Franck Symphony. They are both presented in the first four measures of the composition. These two figures are the source of most of the material heard later on. Their intervals may be altered, their rhythms transformed, and new melodic processes may grow out of them, but they control the general shape of the themes to come. These germinal motifs are very much altered in the process of budding out into new themes, and the relation of seed and flower is often difficult to perceive.

And so it is with the scholarly *Second Symphony* of d'Indy. One will easily understand its construction if one is acquainted with counterpoint as it is taught in the Paris conservatories. It is not a light work, nor one to be played on a hot day for relaxation. The San Francisco critic, Alfred Frankenstein, has worked out an elaborate appreciation of this score and, by studying his extended analysis in collaboration with the recording, the record enthusiast cannot help but become acquainted with the cyclic style and hear contrapuntal elaborations that he little dreamed of. Seldom have I run across program notes so informatively arranged. It is worth remarking that the method Victor is now using of printing the notes on the front and back cover of the record album is a great improvement over the old leaflet that was loosely inserted in the album and just as loosely lost.

We read that *Parsifal* is heard in this score. D'Indy might have felt the Wagnerian influence, but it is superficial with him, as it is evident that his true spirit is remote from that of Wagner.

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RUN, LITTLE CHILLUN. Hall Johnson's Negro folk play, *Run, Little Chillun*, with music, has finally reached New York after several postponements. It also went through various preliminaries ten years ago, made some good friends for itself in those early productions, and is now at the Hudson Theatre, under the sponsorship of Lew Cooper, George Jessel and Meyer Davis, who hope it will increase the number of its admirers.

In many ways it deserves to do so. The great charm of the production—and it is great—lies in its music, which will ravish the ears of those who love spirituals. These enthusiasts will be very happy over the present offering, which includes the famous song *Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen* and *Do You Love My Lord?* No better songs of their kind can be heard anywhere, and the members of the new company do them complete justice.

There is a stunning revival meeting, too, which many enthusiasts will probably go to the Hudson to see and hear several times, and there are other attractions. But when these highlights are acknowledged and given their due, it must be admitted that the best has been told.

The story of *Run, Little Chillun*, is far from equal to its music and its two religious meetings. The tale of high rivalry between two Negro churches, with the temptations of the young minister of one of them, is not sufficiently striking to fill satisfyingly the intervals in the music. Also, it must be admitted, the acting of the cast is far from equal to their singing.

There is, of course, an occasional player who stands out above the others—notably Bertha Powell as Sister Flossie, and Charles Holland as a mail-carrier. There is also an orgiastic dance which would better have been omitted. All in all, *Run, Little Chillun* has an unevenness of content and quality which disturbs the most ardent admirers of its music, as well it may. That cast really ought to sing all the time! If it did, we'd probably crowd the Hudson Theatre to its bursting point.

MURDER WITHOUT CRIME. The Cort Theatre has a new murder play by J. Lee Thompson, about which there will be some difference of opinion among spectators. Personally, I found it very interesting. But there is undoubtedly a good bunch of theatregoers who will not be able to follow its swift changes of mood from laughter to tragedy. Those spectators will laugh willingly and long. But they will want to keep on laughing after the time for mirth has passed. And there are moments in the offering as thrillingly horrible as anything the Grand Guignol of Paris has ever offered us. Also, there are situations in the play which offend taste and which seem to have been deliberately dragged in to do just that. But those spectators who like this new offering like it very much, and apparently without reservations.

The acting is uneven. The best member of the cast is unquestionably Henry Daniell, who gives us some of the finest acting we have seen this season and does it in an extremely difficult part in the drama. Frances Tannehill and Viola Keats are up to their leading roles. The director himself, Bretaigne Windust, who is joint producer with John Del Bandio and Tom Weatherly, has also a place among the actors, which he assumed at almost the last moment. This lack of rehearsal-time helps to explain why so good a director is not a more satisfactory actor. Or does it? One gets the feeling—and quite correctly, I think—that Mr. Windust has more than one man can do to follow the acting and lines of the other characters in the play as well as his own. There are only four characters in all, to be sure. But each is important, and the play has subtleties which call for the close and constant attention of both players and spectators.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

THE FALLEN SPARROW. When this picture is good it is very, very good, but when it is bad it is silly. Fortunately, the latter moments only dot the proceedings, for the main events are tense, nerve-tingling affairs overhung with a sinister atmosphere. When the denouement reveals the reason for all the ominous circumstances, a consensus of opinion would brand it as much ado about nothing—suffering torture and even death to prevent a battle standard from falling into Nazi hands seems too slight a cause these or any days—but the superb performances of its players and the skilful direction of Richard Wallace manage to give life to a weak plot, making it appear worthwhile. John Garfield is an ex-member of the International Brigade who comes back to America after escaping from the horrors of a Spanish prison only to find himself involved with a spy ring led by the same crippled Nazi who menaced him abroad. Maureen O'Hara, Patricia Morison and Martha O'Driscoll lend their beauty and talents to the sanguinary affairs. Mr. Garfield's interpretation of the psychologically distraught hero sets the dazed mood of the film and it is a suspenseful, exciting one. *Adults* can safely and satisfactorily place this drama on their cinema list. (RKO)

THE MAN FROM DOWN UNDER. Australia as the setting provides a bit of novelty to this story that links World Wars I and II in the life of one man. With his familiar blustering, often pompous manner, Charles Laughton creates the title character, a generous-hearted Anzac who returns home from the first war with two Belgian waifs. These adopted children grow to adulthood and their story is an appealing one before the current conflict involves them as well as their foster parent in it. Both action and romance are generously interspersed along the way. There are several spirited boxing championships during the peacetime sequences, while Japanese bombings provide excitement later on. The relationship of the adopted children (played by Richard Carlson and Donna Reed), or rather the lack of it, is established in time to see them slated for a happy ending. Meanwhile Binnie Barnes, the girl the hero left behind in France, reappears to add a double measure of romance for the fadeout. Here is entertainment that promises a partial escape for *grownups*. (MGM)

TRUE TO LIFE. If the foreword which suggests that "life should mirror the movies" were followed in this case, what a screwball place the world would be! Here is one of those haywire comedies that guarantee laughs, even though the plot is light as a bubble. Two radio-script writers, who specialize in family serials, are sorely in need of fresh material, when one decides to seek some typical folks in the alleyways of life. A waitress in a diner mistakes his financial status and takes him home to her zany household. This outfit provides more dialog and situations than any one radio program could ever utilize, with Victor Moore as the inventive father and the stand-out laugh-provoker in the picture. Dick Powell and Franchot Tone are gay and amusing as the specialists of the airwaves, with Mary Martin as the hash-slinger who disturbs their none-too-placid existence. Tuneful songs are cleverly interpolated in the madcap doings that will be fun for the family. (Paramount)

A LADY TAKES A CHANCE. There are gay possibilities in this saga of an alluring, pert miss from New York who bumps into that romance she failed to find with her city "fellers" when she takes a fourteen-day bus tour through the West, but an audience will feel that it missed the boat. Jean Arthur sparkles in her familiar way, while John Wayne fumbles with a stuffy role. *Adults* may be amused intermittently. (RKO)

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CORRESPONDENCE

WHEN CRITICS DISAGREE

EDITOR: I hope that Mother Agatha, O.S.U., did not overlook Barry Byrne's Art column in *AMERICA* for August 14. It will only add to her wonder at the divided opinion of Catholics on what is acceptable in the field of art. But she should find solace in the fact that, bad as is the problem that separates our literary critics, it in no way compares with the gulf that divides the Catholic art critics over the question of modernism in painting. Where, in Catholic literary criticism, can she find anything to compare with this:

In the very latest book written by a Catholic on Church architecture, Frank Brannach writes (I quote from memory):

I mention modern painting merely to condemn it in its entirety.

Mr. Barry Byrne ends his valuable column, mentioned above, with these words:

A clearer artistic expression, generally consistent with the sculptural and painting media, has come out of this abstract art, and the healthy renewal of contemporary art of all types can be traced to it. Our debt to it is a heavy one.

No wonder students are puzzled.

La Grange. Ill.

C. V. HIGGINS

THE ROSARY AND THE WORLD

EDITOR: September 8 marks the fiftieth anniversary of Pope Leo XIII's encyclical, *The Rosary and the Social Question*. In this encyclical, Pope Leo stressed the fact that the Rosary is not merely a good prayer; it is also a powerful influence in the social relationships of men. Father Thomas M. Schwertner, O.P., in his book, *The Rosary, a Social Remedy* (Bruce Pub. Co., 1934), has amplified this thought by showing many individual ways in which the Rosary does possess and bestow a social power.

If Pope Leo's encyclical were better known, even among Catholics, we could hope for a more fervent practice of this prayer, with meditation on its social significance. We could then have confidence that relationships among men not only in family life, but in national and even international affairs, would begin to conform to the model given to us by Christ and the Holy Family.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

JOSEPH W. O'DONOVAN, S.J.

PRISON CHAPLAINS

EDITOR: Father Wogan's article in *AMERICA*, August 14, captioned *Prison Chaplains Ransom Captives*, presents a very sorry and, as far as my experience goes, a very inexact picture of the place of religion in our penal institutions. I do not know how competent Father Wogan is to speak for the "majority of our State governments," or for the "personnel in charge" of penal institutions throughout the country. Certainly he seems inordinately ignorant of conditions in Michigan, Illinois, Massachusetts and Maryland, to say nothing about New York, where religion (and the Chaplains!) are held in high esteem, both by the State governments and the personnel of the State and city institutions.

I attended both annual sessions of the Institute for Catholic Prison Chaplains to which Father Wogan refers. For the information of the readers of *AMERICA*

allow me to correct the false impression created by Father Wogan, namely, that the Institute was held "under the leadership" of Mr. Bennett, Director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons. As a matter of fact, the Institute was held under the auspices of the Federal Bureau of Prisons and the National Conference of Catholic Charities in cooperation with the National Catholic Welfare Conference. A committee of Bishops acted as sponsors of the Institute, and His Excellency, Most Rev. C. H. Leblond, Bishop of Saint Joseph, presided at practically every session. Mr. Bennett attended "occasionally"!

Judging from the trend of the questions put to Mr. Bennett on one occasion by a Federal Prison Chaplain, the position of a Chaplain in our Federal prisons is a very humble one indeed, and religion is a kind of "necessary inconvenience." Specifically, the Chaplain complained that he found it almost impossible to get his flock together for religious instruction! At the conclusion of the "questioning" Mr. Bennett promised to have the situation remedied. As I have no direct contacts with Federal prisons I cannot say whether or not conditions are better now in our Federal prisons. I do hope and pray, however, that at least some of our Federal prison captives are being "ransomed."

Here in Maryland, an inmate of our penal institutions, including our crowded Baltimore City Jail, is not only "entitled to the opportunity to practise his religious Faith"; he actually gets it, and the "personnel" of the prisons not only cooperate, they frequently "instigate and prompt," and so highly is the Chaplain regarded that he is frequently consulted about matters pertaining to discipline.

Baltimore.

(REV.) JOSEPH J. AYD, S.J.,
Maryland State Prison Chaplain.

MORALITY OF BOMBING

EDITOR: "With all due regard to the judgment of our military leaders, we wonder, as we follow the progress of air war over Western Europe, whether the mass raids on Hamburg square either with God's law or the nobility of our cause." (*AMERICA*, August 14, 1943.) I sincerely congratulate *AMERICA* for being Catholic enough to write such an editorial on the bombing of Hamburg.

Certainly, as you said, if Hamburg is only 50 miles square and the British Air Ministry claims that every section of the city is in ruins—then something is definitely wrong with the morality of the warfare employed by the United Nations. Parts of Hamburg are military objectives but not the whole city. Some people object and say: "Well, they did it to us—what do they expect?" This argument and the mentality back of it are totally un-Christian. If minds such as these again show up at the Peace Conference, as they did in 1919, then we might as well prepare to face the inevitability of war. The world has given Nazism, Pragmatism, Fascism, Communism and all the other isms a fair chance. They have all failed, for they are essentially rotten systems. Why not give the principles of true Christianity a practical trial?

For those who simply reject Christ's principles of morality, the following quotation will be at least interesting, and should be surprising in view of the heavy propaganda we were subjected to at the time. The excerpt is from "Beneath the Bombardment" by Christopher Hollis, well known English Catholic author, who

wrote from England for the *Commonweal* under date of December 27, 1940.

On the other hand, by far the greater part of the bombing of London has been upon the business quarters in the city and during the night when there is nobody there. . . . so what with one consideration and another I do not know that the people of London need all the sympathy so generously offered them.

Maryland

H. J. C.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD

EDITOR: At a Communion breakfast the writer was preceded as a speaker by two locally "prominent Catholic laymen." The first of these speakers (a widely known Democrat, at the time running for a major elective office in Massachusetts), spoke on what he termed "The Democracy of the Catholic Church." The second speaker, an equally well known Republican, dealt with the topic, "The Republic of the Church." In the interest of truth, it might be stressed that while the organization of the Church has some of the structural features of a republic, and certainly much of the spirit of real democracy, she is, in fact, a monarchy. The Church is the supra-national spiritual monarchy, of which Christ is the King. Her visible throne, the indestructible throne of Peter, was set up and is preserved by Almighty God. It is by the extension and solidarity of this spiritual Kingdom in the hearts, minds and consciences of individuals, families and of peoples that the foundation for the reconstruction of human civilization will have to be laid. For this reason, Catholic truth, in its sublime integrity, is the proper subject matter for all discourses at Communion breakfasts.

Brookline, Mass.

WILLIAM E. KERRISH

ARCHBISHOP CARROLL'S PRAYER

EDITOR: In these epochal days why have we not called to the colors the famous prayer of the famous first American Bishop, Archbishop John Carroll? *There* is a name to conjure with—compatriot, counselor, intimate friend of the First President, cousin of the great Signer, Charles Carroll, and a churchman and statesman without guile.

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We have national colors, a national flower, a national hymn. Why not a national prayer?

Greenburg, Pa.

JAMES L. KENNEDY

ASLEEP ON THE PROOF

EDITOR: May I ask your indulgence to correct a punctuation mark which some kindly typesetter inserted in my article, "Medical Needs and Services," in your issue of August 21? In the third paragraph he made me say that "In any well organized social system, public provision should be made for the serious accidents that regularly befall mankind." Now I do not hold any such principle. If a colon were placed before that statement, as it was (I recall) in the original manuscript, the reading would be quite different. As it appeared, the principle enunciated was that of the extreme socializers. I wrote:

Hence the argument for general health insurance: in any well-organized social system, public provision should be made for the serious accidents that befall mankind.

This argument introduces the word "public" into an otherwise evident aphorism. It neglects the obvious duty incumbent on every individual of performing the altogether personal obligations of mercy and charity. Only when the individual power falls down is the public to be invoked for such services.

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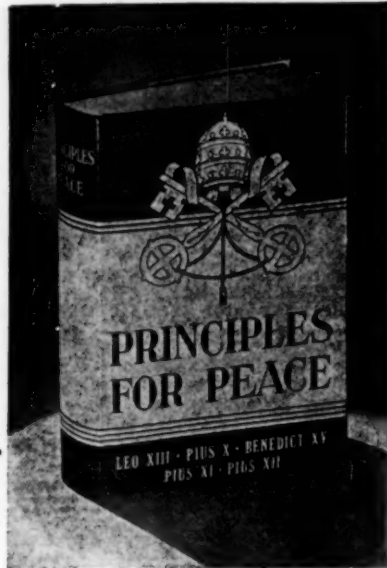
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FBI agents, a week or so ago, ferried from Manhattan to Staten Island, moved fifteen miles inland, came upon two brothers in a sparsely settled region, asked to see their draft cards. . . . "What draft cards?" inquired the brothers. . . . "For the war," explained one of the agents. . . . "What war?" asked the brothers. . . . For a time, the FBI men thought the brothers were simulating ignorance. . . . Further investigation, however, convinced them that these two men, living within the city limits of the nation's metropolis, had not so much as heard of World War II. . . . The brothers registered, and all thought of legal action against them for draft evasion was dropped. . . . The two men, Italo-Americans, both now over forty years of age, went over to Staten Island twelve years ago and have not been back to Manhattan since. . . . Their domicile is a one-room hut just twenty-five miles from Times Square. . . . Goats supply them with milk. . . . A half-acre of land provides them with broccoli, garlic, beans. . . . They eat no meat. . . . While the New York papers were screaming about the meat shortage, the brothers did not know there was any shortage or any rationing. . . . When they need money, which is seldom, one of them gets a job as a carpenter. . . . Neither has worked off their half-acre in the last five years. . . . Seven years ago was the last time they saw a newspaper. . . . There is neither radio nor telephone in the one-room hut. . . . Addressing newspapermen, who had swarmed all over the area when the story broke, a local store-keeper commenting on the brothers' mode of life, remarked: "They're simple enough. Maybe they're right, and we're wrong. Who knows?" . . . The newspapers played up the story in a big way. . . . In this age of newspapers, radio, telephone, movies, two grown men, living in New York City, were so completely out of touch with reality that they knew nothing whatever about the tremendous events erupting on all sides of them. . . . It was incredible.

But there is something still more incredible in New York and in all the other cities and in the towns and countryside, and concerning this still more incredible phenomenon the newspapers express not the slightest wonderment. . . . If some newspapers were to break the story, the account would run somewhat as follows. . . . "An amazing situation has come to light within the last few days, as enterprising reporters discovered great multitudes of men, women and children totally ignorant of the fact that there is a great war on, a war between God and Lucifer. Incredible as it may seem, these millions of people do not know the reason for their existence, do not know what they are in the world for. Interviewed were lawyers, doctors, university professors, housewives, clerks, factory workers, students, people in all walks of life and, in all spheres of activity, abysmal ignorance concerning the purpose of life on earth was unveiled, ignorance that seems all the more unbelievable when it is recalled that this era is supposed to be one of great enlightenment. The investigation establishes the fact that in this age of gigantic mechanical advances more people are out of touch with the deep realities of the universe than was the case in many less mechanically endowed epochs."

If the newspapers were to write such a story, they would not be exaggerating. . . . Unnumbered millions in the modern world are ignorant of their last end. . . . It is to be feared that, unlike the two brothers, many of them are culpably ignorant. . . . Some day all these millions will be visited by the FBI of another world. . . . Quite a few, we fear, will be unable to give any satisfactory explanation of why they did not register.

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